

The TATLER

Vol. CLVI. No. 2026

London
April 24, 1940



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM



THE "ARETHUSA" IS STILL
HELPING POOR BOYS TO
BECOME GOOD SAILORS

Many "Arethusa" boys are now officers
in the Royal and Merchant Navies

IMMEDIATE FINANCIAL HELP
VITALLY NEEDED

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES &
"ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
(Founded 1843)

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2
President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G.

ROYAL
BATH HOTEL 5555
PHONE BOURNEMOUTH
IN A SAFE AREA

Depend on obtaining the Best

Presta
MINERAL WATERS

Have no equal
ASK FOR THEM BY NAME

Grant's
Scotch
Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

The Friend that never fails

Friend of the penniless, the young, the
old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless
... The friend quietly waiting everywhere
to help and cheer the unfortunate ...
The Salvation Army.

Please remember the work it is doing—and help!

Gifts and Inquiries welcomed by:

GENERAL GEORGE L. CARPENTER
101 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

THE SALVATION ARMY

WAR RISKS

—without extra charge

now included in Life Policies to
CIVILIANS in the United Kingdom
and Eire

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.3



Colour! Colour! Colour! in the Sports Shop

It's time to think of Play Clothes and the place to make your thoughts run excitingly is Harvey Nichols' Sports Shop. We could tell you a lot about our cycling and golf clothes but there is more fun for you in seeing them. The cycling pinafore is in fine worsted flannel in grey. **59/6** The Striped Sports Shirt in many lovely colours. **39/6** The Culotte in flannel or worsted woollen is **55/-** Spot Sports Shirt is **25/9** Suede waistcoat. **45/9** Suede coat **4½** gns. in choice of colours. The Sports Frock for golf is our "Alderbrook," a Registered Frock; is in whipcord weave, double pleated swing skirt. Grey. **4½** gns.

Harvey Nichols and Co., Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1. Sloane 3440

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

THE TATLER

Vol. CLVI. No. 2026

LONDON • APRIL 24 • 1940

Price: One Shilling

Postage: Inland 1½d. Canada & Newfoundland 1½d. Foreign 2½d.



Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, C.I., G.B.E.

Her Royal Highness, like all the other members of the Royal House, is playing her part in the work of National Defence and is seen in the uniform of an Air Commandant in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester has been on active service from the outbreak of war. The Duchess of Gloucester is the third daughter of the late Duke of Buccleuch and a sister of the present holder of the title



The Social Round

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

"What e'er men do, or say or think or dream,
Our motley paper feizes for its theme"

The "slogan," from *Juvenal*, which prefaced Sir Richard Steele's original "Tatler" of 1709



Chilton

MRS. ANTHONY DANIELL
(NÉE ANNE CHAMBERLAIN)

The wedding of the Prime Minister's cousin to Lieutenant Anthony Daniell, R.N., was to have taken place at Rackenford on the 3rd but had to be postponed to the 6th because the bridegroom's ship was "detained" at sea. Mrs. Anthony Daniell is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chamberlain

The War and the Intelligentsia

The excitement of waiting upon the mid-night news is accentuated if you happen to be reading "The Crew of the Anaconda." Although Mr. A. G. Macdonell has not quite succeeded in providing this war generation with another "Thirty Nine Steps," his secret-service yarn commends itself to those in search of thrills, with ears attuned for a possible "Statement." The most startling within memory was to the effect that Mrs. Patrick Campbell died at "Paw." This refanned blue-pencilling of the Gascon resort ranks with the most classic B.B.C. announcing errors.

The only solecism I detected in the new Macdonell occurs on page 164, where the hero and heroine are described in tails and full evening dress at a night club a few days after the outbreak of this war. Its author appeared in good-heart at a studio party given by the serious Yugo-Slav sculptor, Némon, who is doing a double life-size head of Leslie Howard, for whom Mr. Macdonell has provided a scenario with an adventure

story and comedy theme. This is about to go on the floor, as they say in the trade. Mr. Howard, who plays the essentially English archaeologist, still hopes to get David Niven out of the army, for the equally English gentleman of fortune. We can look forward to a distinguished as well as an entertaining film. L. H. emanates and appreciates quality. For example, he thinks highly of Eric Linklater who has not published anything for many moons, to the regret of those who relished "The Impregnable Women," a fantasy in which this war was clearly perceived, though the battle in the book occurred over Edinburgh Castle, captured by the women amid scenes of rollicking comedy.



Bassano

MISS ELIZABETH VAVASOUR
IS ENGAGED

The engagement was announced on the 10th and it is stated that Miss Vavasour's wedding to Lieutenant M. J. P. Walters, R.N., will take place shortly. The bride-elect is the elder daughter of Captain Sir Leonard Vavasour, R.N., and Lady Vavasour, of Alverstoke, Hants. Lieutenant Walters is the youngest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel H. de L. Walters and Mrs. Walters

In the House of Lords

Visitors are treated to more comedy, plainer speaking and better teas in the Upper House, where a good time is had by speakers who decide to bait their worthy peer, "Arthur Templemore." When answering for the Government the gallant (Irish Guards, etc.) Lord rises like an Irish salmon. The champion lone wolf in succession to Lord Banbury of precious memory, is now Lord Mansfield. Better known to my generation in Scotland as Mungo Scone (to rhyme with boon, please) he has never been afraid to take his own line. At the abdication his was Winston's and the loneliest of all time. These days he waits, hat tilted over mild blue eyes, to pounce when agriculture and other things come up. Still young, and enthusiastic, Lord Mansfield is an eighteenth-century being with a snuff box, and enormous nineteenth-century blond moustaches, which do not intimidate any one.

Another delightful Scottish figure, Lord



Holloway

AT A RECENT MEETING OF
NORTHAMPTON W.V.S.

The Dowager Marchioness of Reading, the National Chairman of the Women's Voluntary Services is on the left and with her is Lady Hillingdon, D.B.E., wife of Lord Hillingdon, now acting as Master of his old "command," the Grafton. Lord Cadogan, Lady Hillingdon's kinsman being the reigning Master is now much occupied by other matters

Breadalbane, has entered the battle on behalf of the sheep farmers who are getting tenpence a pound for black-faced wool from the Control Board, while we are lucky if we can buy the cheapest knitting wool for 5s. 4d. The Duke of Montrose, and Lord Stair, are other protagonists, but it was Lord Breadalbane who made the outstanding speech against those whose miserly and grasping policy is driving sheep off the Scottish hills. As one of the biggest landowners and sheep farmers, he spoke from the heart and the pocket, his fresh Raeburnesque face rosy in fight. Lord Breadalbane (who, with his ever lovely wife, was a neighbour of Lord Halifax at the Dorchester last week) has found that his subject — wool — produces an instantly soporific effect on the House of Lords. It is his theory that because in childhood we are told to count sheep in order to fall asleep, the reflex persists. Their Lordships begin by looking more and more like the Sheep in "Alice" ("How am I to stop it?"



BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN

That American sympathy for the Allied cause takes a practical form is shown by our picture of New York "socialites" knitting comforts under the auspices of the "Bundles for Britain" Fund. The ladies are Miss Gigi Richter, Mrs. J. Randall Creel, Miss Jane Bedford, the Duchess of Leinster, Mrs. Wales Latham and Miss Nina van Vechten

carrying a battered wee dispatch case, did not mince matters in the debate during which the Archbishop of Canterbury went so far as to say, "I think there is a definite distinction between the two classes of women." Comment superfluous.

Newbury Fashion Parade

The Glasgows' sailor son and heir, Lord Kelburn, was at Newbury Races, where his wife wore a green turban and a suit with smart beaver lapels. Though it was cold the sunshine brought spring clothes into the open, and I never remember a better-dressed meeting. There was a very big crowd, the men mostly in uniform. The women oscillated between minks, beavers, ocelots and vivid suitings, according to the state of their circulation.

That Ticca Gari was third again, as at Lincoln, caused the Duchess of Norfolk obvious disappointment; and set backers back, as did the failure of Lady Cadogan's fancied Bahoudin. This young owner and mother of three is off to



TELEPHONE OPERATOR

Miss Mary Gordon-Finlayson, daughter of Sir Robert Gordon-Finlayson, Adjutant-General to the Forces, is working in Lowndes Street, as telephone operator to the Central Hospital Supplies Service (Region Five) of which her mother is regional chief. The proceeds of the first matinee of Ivor Novello's new play at the Lyric, *Ladies Into Action*, were given to the work of the Supplies Service, Queen Mary attending as her first visit to the theatre since the outbreak of war. Lady Gordon-Finlayson is the daughter of the late James Richmond, of Kincairney, Perthshire

said the Sheep) and then drop off.

The Upper House was unusually wide awake during the debate on Lord Glasgow's resolution protesting against the Government's action in recognizing illicit liaisons by giving equal allowances to mistresses and wives. If it had not been for activity by the Royal Navy, this stroke by a former N.O. would have received even more space in the penny Press than it did. Lord Glasgow tells me he is "having a pretty good fan mail, and why not? How long will the taxpayers be prepared to pay double allowances AND double pensions to wives and mistresses?" This white-bearded Scots earl, who strolled about London in green tweeds,



VICTOR'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER

Mrs. W. J. Whitworth, photographed with her daughter Margaret at their home near Chichester, is the wife of Vice-Admiral Whitworth, who was in command of the battleship *Warspite* when it led the British Forces into Narvik Fjord to the discomfiture and destruction of seven German destroyers, one of the most brilliant of the Royal Navy's many gallant actions of recent months. Both Admiral Whitworth's twin sons are like their father on active service afloat, while Mrs. Whitworth works with the Red Cross and her daughter is a V.A.D. in a hospital at Chichester



MOTHER AND SON

Lady Breadalbane and her son, Mr. Hugo Romer Nicholson, by her first marriage to the late Captain Eric Nicholson, 12th Lancers. Mr. Nicholson, recently married to Miss M. Clemson, is a subaltern in a cavalry regiment

Egypt. She was walking about with her popular and only unmarried sister, Denise Yarde-Buller, surrounded as usual by Household Brigade. Both sisters stayed with Mr. and Mrs. "Bobby" Ducas, who had her Etonian son, James Hay, with them, and Lord Selby.

It was generally agreed that gallant Sir Abe Bailey (who is still in South Africa, where pro-German General Hertzog does not appear to be going strong) has Michael Beary to thank for persuading Meadow to win the Spring Cup; indeed, Michael was riding brilliantly, and Sir Alfred McAlpine's Allure gave him a hat trick. Trick hats in the members'

The Social Round—(continued)

included a brown peaked poilu's cap worn by Lady Morris (Jean Maitland-Makgill-Crichton) who was with Flying Officer Lord Morris and Troop Sergeant-Major Peter Penny, Lord Marshwood's heir, and his wife.

The best lookers were among the following: Mrs. Patrick Smyly (Diana Mills) in a navy blue knife-pleated skirt, short yellow tailored jacket, navy blue felt hat with canary band and feather; Mrs. "Jack" Ward (Susan Corbett) in a green turban and a checked tweed; Mrs. John Christian (Bridget Smiley) whose royal blue coat showed a pink shirt; Lady (John) Child in mauve with a mauve top hat and amusing ear-rings to match; Mrs. Dermot Daly (Nan McGowan) in picturesque pastel checks; Mrs. Gwyn Morgan-Jones (Lorraine Berry) wearing a yellow shirt with a bright green checked suiting; Lady Jane Nelson in pale blue with a brown beret hat, and Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill with little brother Lord Blandford. The Duke of Marlborough and Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort in conference in the paddock looked like Newmarket twins.

Others encountered were Lady Jean Christie (*née* Dundas) in her grey flannel; Mrs. J. V. Rank, a moving target in cerise until her husband's King Legend disappointed his following; Captain "Jock" Campbell wearing tartan trews like tights and shouting Wee MacGreegorisms; Sir Hugh Smiley whose wife had one of the numerous ocelot coats; Captain and Mrs. Kenyon-Goode of Lambourne, he in uniform, she with a platinum fox coat over royal blue; Princess Romanowski-Pavlovski talking to Eric Hatry; Diana Barnato whose navy blue coat had a scarlet lining to match her turban, and the beautiful Mrs. Fulke Walwyn in a navy blue pin stripe suit with a white bow tie under her chin and a white homburg with a blue cord. The skirt stripes went down and the jacket stripes round and around—copyright.

Lunching in London

The best dressed of the more senior brigade at Newbury was Mrs. Sidney Wilkinson, seen lunching another day at Claridge's. Her pale blue angora outfit was worn with a Russian hat to match a nutria coat. Some women collect china, others young men and rocks; Mrs. Wilkinson collects fur coats. By the time this war is over they will be worth at least treble the present value. Others eating at the diplomats' automat were Mr. and Mrs. Conor Buckley back from Cannes, where the Paul Dubonnets are said to be buying a villa for well over a million francs. In spite of the Italian menace there is a boom in real estate on the French Riviera. The BUCKLEYS have been looking over the Dubonnets' new house in Regent's Park which is now in the market; the Dewars also had an order to view. Sir Humphrey de Trafford,

who was having a family luncheon with Lady de Trafford and their daughters, made a most unexpected appearance at the Anglo-American Pay Party, which provided the most gala outing since the war. People who never went to charity balls before, go now because there is so little doing at night, other than bottle parties. Frank Lawton, Vivian Cornelius, Lady Patricia Latham, Lord Macduff, and Mrs. Clarissa Beck are some I did not expect to see palpably enjoying themselves.

summer. A large socialite committee is being recruited because a percentage of the profits—if any—will go to war charities. Instead of the usual bottle party invitation card, every one on the list is to have a mock-golden key with a number. These keys will fit a golden gate on the threshold. Personally I shall arrive by broomstick, and alight on the roof as usual.

Rector's Club has reopened as a dinner and supper place with dancing to Brian (B.B.C.) Lawrance's band. It opened the same night as the Anglo-American ball from whence several came on. Daphne Page, daughter of the aviation Pages, and Elwyn Idris, son of the aerated water family, danced together.

Apart from Le Suivi, which is now tops, the Nut House has the most glamorous early morning *clientèle*. It gets the younger crowd who begin the evening at Quaglino's. Occasionally a tiara comes in; not literally, but when the young wish to intimate that someone thoroughly respectable, presumably stuffy and definitely un-bottled, has muddled through the cordon, they play "Tiara," just as their elders played "Beaver." All very innocuous, like P. G. Wodehouse's pig saga which still has us and the Athenæum rocking. Every one at the cocktail party given by Nancy Harwood-Banner and Vivien Dauntsey for the W. Gds. and other units, arrived at the Nut House, eventually. I did not get further than the party at

which Miss Lydia Bixton, Lady Marguerite Strickland, Lord Delamere, Major Jack Higgon (W. Gds.), Ben Alder the jockey, Gweneth Benn and sister Audrey Butler, Mrs. Lionel Devitt and sister Claire Holman, Hedy Kavanagh from Ireland and fiancé Peter Rawlinson (I. Gds.), Mrs. Nesbit Waddington (Sydney Montgomery, also from Ireland), Charles Oppenheim (G. Gds.) and a charming C. Gds. couple, the Churchwards, were among others packed into Lady Harwood-Banner's Kensington flat, which as a pleasant garden no one had the *nous* to use. The men made more noise than the girls—an effect of the war—but the butler preserved a Chamberlainian equilibrium.

Among the Diplomats

Another crowded party, on a much bigger scale, was the farewell reception held by the Chilean Chargé d'Affaires and Senora Renard who have proved exceptionally sociable and well liked. A sprinkling of the Old Guard included Lady Smith-Dorrien, in conversation with Major "Bo" Salter of the S.E., who feels happier now that the issue is clearly joined than in the years of suspense and humiliation—a general feeling, ably expressed.

There were many diplomatic women, but few of their husbands owing to the tension then prevailing. For example Madame la Générale Lelong, whose husband heads the French Mission, was on her own exclaiming "*Enfin, ça y'ait*," in other words, the war is on. Captain Leonard Plugge, who speaks good

(Continued on page 157)



A NAVAL WEDDING IN WORCESTERSHIRE

Lieutenant and Mrs. C. G. De Lisle Bush leaving Hartlebury Church after their wedding last week, a detachment of the W.A.A.F. forming a guard of honour. The bride, who is well known in the Worcestershire hunting world, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dyson Perrins, of Waresley House, Hartlebury. The bridegroom's present address is "Somewhere in the Ocean"

Night Club News

Mrs. Gordon Halsey, who won the diamond clips given by Mrs. Reynolds Albertini at the said ball, is starting a new venture with her husband at Clarence Hatry's old house in Stanhope Gate, where they propose to establish London's only P.P.P.—Permanent Pay Party, on the roof garden, and in the ballroom. Opening in May, it should do well through the



AT A MATINÉE IN AID OF FINLAND

The venue was Prince's Theatre and the attraction Firth Shephard's *Shepherd's Pie*, that amusing show with Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, Vera Pearce, Richard Hearne and Co. in it. In the picture are Mrs. G. E. Pike, Mrs. Pat Hanbury and Lady Hanbury, widow of the late Sir Cecil Hanbury. Mrs. Pike, whose husband is in the Guards, is Lady Hanbury's daughter and Mrs. Pat Hanbury her daughter-in-law



Antony Beauchamp

MRS. PAT SMYLY—A NEW STUDIO PORTRAIT

This very lovely lady was married to Captain R. P. P. Smyly, 13th/18th Hussars, at St. Margaret's, two months before the outbreak of war sent him on active service. At last posting, he was acting as adjutant of a yeomanry unit. Mrs. Smyly, who, as maids of honour at her wedding, had a selection of the married ladies to whom she had acted as bridesmaid, was formerly Miss Diana Mills, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. G. Mills, and is a cousin of Lord Hillingdon

THE CINEMA BY JAMES AGATE

Too Much of a Good Thing

"WHERE shall I go? What shall I do?" says Scarlett O'Hara at the end of *Gone with the Wind*, and receives from Rhett Butler the reply: "Frankly, my dear, I don't care a damn!" The trouble with this film, which lasts four hours, is that for the last hour and a half nobody in the audience has been caring what happens to anybody. But let not exasperation drive me out of my critical manners. It is obvious that I cannot know whether anybody else will find this film tedious; let me be content to say that I, personally, find the myth excessive. Still continuing to be critical, let me ask what it is all about, since it is to be presumed that a film which claims one's attention for four hours must be about something—in other words, that it must have a total gesture. Before I go any further let me confess that I have not read the book, and am therefore unable to say whether the film is or is not a faithful version of Miss Margaret

they have advanced in Russia merely because the good directing and acting can make half a dozen skilled players look like five thousand. But that is another story!

Since the Civil War is not the theme, what is? I can only suggest the minxishness of minxes. Indeed Scarlett is so declared a baggage that I come away feeling that I have spent a long afternoon in the cloakroom at a literary Waterloo Station. This impression is accentuated by the likeness of the film to a heterogeneous collection of luggage left behind by one novelist after another. To begin with, there is a hint of Thomas Hardy's Eustacia Vye in a young woman who, to spite the man that she is in love with, marries somebody else. Next we discover in Scarlett's passion for the soil of her native Tara something of an Emily Brontë heroine wuthering after the heights of Howarth. This accounts for the second husband. There follows all that angling for a third husband in the person of the masterful Rhett Butler. Here Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" seems to have got mixed up with one of the novels of Ethel M. Dell. Next, after sentimental ramifications unnecessary to explain here since they are probably known to all my readers, we arrive at the moment when Scarlett loses her first child, and there is a

slanging match behind closed doors between husband and wife which, if one could hear, would surely turn out to be Ibsen's "Little Eyolf" all over again.

Getting near the end of her tether—for it is a long tether that has no end!—Scarlett arrives at what we begin to think must be her last phase, that of Balzac's Valérie Marneffe chastened. But we are wrong; Miss Mitchell prefers Mr. Eugene O'Neill's land-hungry Abbie from "Desire Under the Elms." For we are to leave Scarlett making tracks for Tara, not because of the harp which still hangs in its halls, but because of the radishes which still grow in its grounds. "The happy ending dearest to the maker of wholesome plays," said C. E. Montague writing before the existence of the films, "ensures that in fifth acts any leopards which gain the playgoer's regard should be left rigged-out in snowy, curly lambswool. . . ." This, of course, applies equally to leopardesses like Scarlett O'Hara.

No expense has been spared on this glorification of what housemaids call "a little madam." Miss Vivien Leigh gives an impressive exhibition of all that slapping and flouncing which old-fashioned people call tantrums. I doubt whether the part could be played better by any star in the film firmament; Miss Leigh gives the whole of Scarlett's sluttishness to its last rinsing. Mr. Clark Gable glowers to everybody's heart's content; Mr. Leslie Howard displays his melting weakness at its best; Miss Olivia de Havilland gives a beautiful performance as a loyal wife; Miss Hattie McDaniel as a coal-black mammy very nearly redeems the picture; there is a great deal of treacly music; and the whole thing is bathed in colour like that of the best picture postcards. Whereby I have no doubt whatever that the picture will fill the Empire, the Palace, and the Ritz for months and months and months.

Let me, on the other hand, recommend very highly indeed the film *Of Mice and Men* which, judging by the scantiness of the audience on the night I visited the Odeon, may very well have been taken off by the time these lines appear. This is a tragedy of the subhuman, and there is a far greater pathos and a far deeper integrity of emotion in Mr. John Steinbeck's little picture than in the whole of Miss Mitchell's unconscionably big canvas. The story has been beautifully transferred to the screen by Mr. Lewis Milestone. I admire this film enormously in spite of the fact that the representatives of George and Lennie, now played by Mr. Burgess Meredith and Mr. Lon Chaney, Jun., are not in my view nearly so effective as Mr. John Mills and Mr. Niall MacGinnis who appeared at the Apollo Theatre in the play version. But the story is unaltered, and there is a magnificent musical score which is at once intensely modern and entirely right.

* * *

The Man From Montreal, the Universal picture which General Film Distributors Limited released on April 22, brings to the screen in co-starring roles Richard Arlen and Andy Devine in a new drama of the Canadian north-woods. Filmed against majestic backgrounds, it presents a colourful story which blends romance, adventure and suspense. The daring and skill of the Canadian Mounties, combined with reckless battle scenes between outlaws and trappers, highlight the picture.



"OF MICE AND MEN"

Seldom has any author's work had such a *succès d'estime* in three media as John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*. Highly praised as a novel, it became a play which distinguished a theatrical season both in New York and London, and has now been made into a worthy film, which is showing at the Odeon, Leicester Square. Above are Burgess Meredith as George, Charles Bickford as Slim, and Lon Chaney, Jr., as Lennie

Mitchell's story.

Presuming that it is, I must still ask what the film is supposed to be about. The American Civil War? Yes, in the sense in which "Vanity Fair" centres in the Napoleonic Wars. But there is very little about Waterloo in Thackeray's masterpiece, that battle merely providing a further step in Becky Sharp's career, whereas there is quite a lot of Gettysburg and After in *Gone with the Wind*. Indeed, there is far too much for this film's health since, while it is happening, one finds oneself wishing—or rather I find myself wishing—that the teller of the story would concentrate on history and cut that tiresome Scarlett out of it. All the war scenes are extremely well done; indeed they are as good as D. W. Griffith at his best. Which affords me an opportunity I have long wanted, that of saying that the crowd scenes in films have not, except in Russia, advanced one step beyond the work of that great pioneer. And



PRELUDE TO TRAGEDY

Lennie, the tragically strong, tragically slow-witted tramp in *Of Mice and Men*, likes to fondle pretty things, but has so little control over his ungainly limbs that they come to harm through his fondling. Thus comes about at his hands the death of Mae, the pretty, shallow girl who tries to flirt with him. Lon Chaney, Jun., is Lennie, the part which was played by Niall MacGinnis on the London stage, and Betty Field has Claire Luce's part as Mae. *Of Mice and Men* is referred to on this page by our famous critic James Agate

THE "KING LEAR" FIRST NIGHT AT THE OLD VIC

One of the Great Theatrical Occasions of the War



LADY HERBERT

Lord and Lady Pembroke's daughter-in-law arriving at the theatre to see John Gielgud's great performance



JESSICA TANDY TRIMS HER HUSBAND'S (JACK HAWKINS) BEARD

Both husband and wife were in the magnificent cast of Lear, Jessica Tandy playing Cordelia and Jack Hawkins the Bastard



MR. AND MRS. EMLYN WILLIAMS
AND JOHN GIELGUD

In John Gielgud's dressing-room after the last curtain. The famous playwright and his wife were amongst the first to offer congratulations

Theatre packed to capacity, a tense atmosphere of intellectual expectancy, and on the other side of the footlights almost every celebrated Shakespearean actor of our day headed by the most brilliant of them all, John Gielgud, giving a performance which deserves to go down in the history of the drama as one of the most distinguished in many years. Amongst those who were there but who managed to escape the clicking and



MR. AND MRS. FRANK GIELGUD,
JOHN GIELGUD'S PROUD PARENTS

(BELOW) SIR EDDIE MARSH
AND MR. BRONSON ALBERY
London's First Nighter No. 1 with one of the theatre's outstanding figures on the managerial side



They saw their son give one of the outstanding performances of his brilliant career before an audience worthy of such an occasion

inquisitive camera was Sir Reginald Rowe, managing governor of the Old Vic since 1922, the man who turned it from a tumbledown old shanty into a successful and modern theatre. Sir Reginald Rowe said that the management had not ventured to open the theatre on the outbreak of war because of the blackout and the then prevailing idea that the Germans would at once endeavour to lay London in ashes



THE YOUNG BRIGADE AT CHELTENHAM

Miss Bubble Dalrymple-Hay, Miss Angela Palmer who has been in the wars but is getting the better of the damage, and Mrs. J. P. Wakefield. Miss Palmer is a sister of Sir Anthony Palmer (see right)

NEWBURY always reminds me of a hunt ball. Young men pretend to blow horns and make noises like hounds when they back a winner, and many of the women, both young and old, look like the horses in whose company they spend so much of their time, in fact, the older they get the more they get to look like the old mare. Dates are made, "missing two outside the members' bar," and the first seeds of romance are sown. There is also something frightfully respectable about Newbury, and while even the strictest mamma has no objection to next year's debutante being taken by a young man to Newbury, she'd raise old Harry if he took her



AT NEWBURY: MISS PEGGY HAMILTON AND LORD CARNARVON

Lord Carnarvon is a 7th Hussar by trade, but with what unit he is at present serving it is forbidden to state. He is a very keen supporter of sport under N.H. rules

RACING RAGOUT

BY "REGULAR"

to Ally Pally, rather in the way that no objection is raised to the innocent little thing (she probably knows all the answers really) being taken to the Berkeley, yet on no account must she go to a bottle party. I think they're so right. While on the usually rainswept Berkshire Downs my attitude towards the gentler sex has bordered on the Victorian in its rectitude. "May I fetch your umbrella, ere this tiresome

Arthur Fawcett, who are curiously enough both in the same line of business. If a vote was taken among a dozen jockeys, a dozen trainers and a dozen owners, as to which was the best jockey, the best trainer and which owner raced on the best lines, I feel sure that no candidate would get more than one vote from his own confrères. There might, on the other hand, easily be a certain amount of unanimity as to who was second best.

Crocker Bulteel has without a shadow of doubt done more for racing than any official since Admiral Rous, in that he is all for progressive measures, but at the same time he is an upholder and a respecter of tradition. Inability to pursue the former without trampling on the latter has led to the downfall of many legislatures. In no institution is the attainment of the happy medium so difficult as in racing, for nowhere does tradition die harder, and one is glad that it should be so, as more and more, with increasing years, does one cherish the customs and habits of one's youth. There is, however, a wide difference between respect for tradition and the reactionary spirit which exercised such a stranglehold on progress in racing for so many years, and which Lord Rosebery, among the great unpaid, has done so much to dispel. Crocker Bulteel has earned the gratitude of every one connected with racing for the new races he has framed at Liverpool, Hurst Park, Chester and Newbury. To the lay mind it may sound a comparatively easy thing to frame an attractive new race, but you just try and do it, and I'll bet you anything you like your race will either infringe one or more of the many Jockey Club Rules.

(Continued on page 158)



SIR ANTHONY AND LADY PALMER

Another snapshot at the excellent jumping meeting at Cheltenham. Sir Anthony Palmer is in a gunner unit. Lady Palmer is a kinswoman of Lord Cadogan, Master of the Grafton

rain dampens your pretty hair, Lady Mary?" and "Let us hurry away from those horrid bookmakers, such uncouth shouting must not be allowed to assail those shapely little ears." I must admit the wild abandon and Continental atmosphere of Muswell Hill, not to mention Hornsey Rise, has before now gone to my head like strong wine. To my shame after the last race I have suggested an evening spent in the *boîtes* of London's *rive gauche*—Camden Town, followed by a taxi drive round the outer circle of Regent's Park.

As I gazed at the crowds which had collected to see the Greenham Stakes at the Newbury meeting, I asked myself how on earth Crocker Bulteel is going to squeeze in all the people who will want to see the Derby. The answer is, of course, "he won't," but he'll make a better try at it than any other man of my acquaintance. So long as he or she spends the greater part of the day tightly wedged in a dense perspiring crowd, the average holiday-maker bent on enjoying his or her day out, attracted by the magical word Derby, will be as happy as kings or queens. Only about three per cent of the people who went to Epsom ever saw anything except a few jockeys' caps, so if Crocker can provide a view of the race for half the people who want to see it, he will have improved forty-seven per cent on Epsom. While I was on my sick bed, a friend and I made a Modesty Handicap composed of well-known racing people of all kinds, and when we compared our work, the two topweights in both our handicaps were Crocker Bulteel and



MRS. ARTHUR SMITH-BINGHAM AND LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE

Both are very well known in the Warwickshire hunting world. Lord Willoughby is a former Master of the Warwickshire. Mrs. Smith-Bingham had a winner at Doncaster and a runner-up at Newbury the day this picture was taken



MR. JACK LOVELOCK ON "GRANTHAM"

The famous runner is equally good on four legs, and was a notable competitor at this interesting contest



SAFELY OVER A SUSSEX HEAVE GATE

Mrs. Nigel Hambro and partner in the Open Pairs Class. Not a terribly formidable obstacle, but the steeds are taking no chances



MR. STANLEY BARRATT GIVES HIS DAUGHTER
ROSEMARY A FIRST

The event was the jumping competition for members of the Old Berkeley Pony Club. Mr. Stanley Barratt has had the Old Berkeley since 1930. That is to say, ever since the late Mr. Teddie Drake died, greatly to the regret of everyone who knew him and particularly of those who have hunted with him. His famous forebear made hound history with that great dog, "Duster," and the family was more intimately connected with the Bicester than the O.B.H. These hunter trials were held at Mr. Barratt's house, Westwood, which is in Hertfordshire. Both Mr. and Mrs. Barratt are as well known in the show-ring, in happier and more peaceful times, as they are in fox-hunting and both are great enthusiasts

THE O.B.H. HUNTER TRIALS AT GREAT WESTWOOD, NEAR KING'S LANGLEY



ANOTHER WINNER

Mr. Devereux, the Joint-M.F.H., gives Mrs. Delahook the prize for the Open Novices' Jumping



(ON LEFT) LORD AND
LADY KNUTSFORD

The famous ex-Master of the Avon Vale and later V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's) is one of the best amateur huntsmen in England. He was judging at this show

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Quiet Fundamentals

I WONDER if there are many people who feel about the war as I do? If there are, I haven't met them—yet. There are the young who secretly rather enjoy it: enjoy the excitement of it, the stir it makes, the change it has effected in their previous rather monotonous and commonplace lives. People of my age cannot talk to them. They are not bewildered; their spirit, so far, is whole: no deep wounds

But one can so seldom talk about these things. So one remains silent; one remains, so to speak, alone. Things are too serious, too tragic, too pitiful to risk being comforted by what I will call the mental and emotional slops of the unreflecting optimists, the wish-thinkers and those mawkish unto fanaticism. These never face facts, and there comes a moment when facts only can bring understanding and peradventure a certain uncertain comfort. Strangely

enough, the only book I have read since the war began which does, to a certain extent, face the emotional and spiritual problems of it squarely, without the usual unconvincing mush, the even more deadly forced cheerfulness, is a book which bears the almost derogatory title, "Of No Importance" (Nicholson and Watson; 10s. 6d.), by Rom Landau. Is it actually a war-book? Yes, in a way it is; but there is nothing, or very, very little, in it about the Nazis, the Gestapo, Hitler, or the rest of his supporting gang. Nevertheless, it is a war-book because it is the story of

how this war has shattered completely a happy, quiet, constructive life—leaving the author, as it will leave so many of us, face to face with the reality that, whatever the outcome may be, life somehow or other will have to be rebuilt all over again; this rebuilding of an inner life being likely enough far more difficult than any spiritual effort we have ever yet made.

But Mr. Landau is still a young man. His life will probably give him time. They are the people, whom life will allow no time for rebuilding, who will suffer within themselves more than most by this second shattering of all they hold most lovely and most dear. Nevertheless, this is a remarkably understanding book. The author is a religious man; not, happily, of the purely theological, ritualistic and dogmatically churchy persuasion. If anything, his religion is the religion of beauty—beauty of conduct, toleration, kindness, pity; with the exquisite loveliness of nature as its cathedral. "When on the road to Damascus Saul fell upon his face, blinded by the divine light, there was no altar, no church to provide an adequate setting for his experience. What happened to Saul can happen to some extent to every one of us, either within or without a church. There will always be people whose religious life is infinitely more valuable if it can express itself individually and is not forced into dogmatic forms, however sanctified. These may never form more than a small minority, but even so it will be a minority of great importance to spiritual life at large." This, then, is his religious standpoint, and it is a standpoint which is shared by many.

A Charmingly Written Book

HOWEVER, don't run away with the bleak idea that "Of No Importance" is merely a conventionally religious book, with good words and good advice popping out always when most expected and often when least wanted. It is religious only in the sense that, in a diary of our private lives, thoughts which are religious in their inspiration are as much part of the pattern—in fact, more so—as eating and drinking, doing this and that, going here and there. Actually, this is a story of an old house in Sussex, a garden which the writer made out of a pasture; his neighbours, his household, the literary work he did, his daily life as he lived it from February 1938 until September 1939.

His own foreword explains his motive in publishing it: "A diary which was begun as one of private life had to be brought to a close when not the fate of the individual, not the little things of no importance, but the destiny of the nation as a whole was the only thing that mattered. I felt, with thousands of others, that the only way to save the private life was to sacrifice it. Perhaps these pages reflect something of that bitter-sweet stage of transition through which so many of us passed in the autumn of 1939." Its charm, its delightful air of friendly intimacy, consists precisely in the fact that it does reflect this transition and reflects it perfectly. Examples of this lie in the fact that so many of the people who are introduced into the diary felt exactly as we did, and still do. For instance, the lady who, in reply to his comforting suggestion that the war did not affect her directly, replied: "Oh, I don't mind in the least being killed. If I saw any sense in it.

(Continued on page 130)



STUDIO-PARTY

Mr. O. Némon, a prominent member of the remarkable band of sculptors Yugoslavia has produced during her brief existence, gave a party in his studio off Knightsbridge the other day. He has been working in England for some time as well as in Brussels, where he did busts of the late King Albert and Queen Astrid, and is seen here with the Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller, Lord Churston's sister, who was one of his guests

have been reopened—spiritual wounds which are so deeply embedded in our heart and mind that for the last twenty years they have influenced all our philosophy of life and conduct. Again, there are a number of people of all ages who seize the opportunity to fuss around and enjoy, more than anything else, their own new self-importance. Well, neither can you talk to them. Again, there are others, happily in a small minority, who are so furious with this and that disturbing their selfish ease that they can only talk about the so-called deprivations of rationing and how they can no longer seek amusement at Le Touquet or winter sunshine on the Riviera. ("Darling, life is really too lousy for words!") One is dumb with these also. Therefore the present war has made life lonelier for some of us than it has ever been before—and Heaven knows life in its fundamentals is a very lonely pilgrimage. Especially for those of us who were brought up on the idea that there was a benign Providence standing guard in the dim background. How, therefore, to square this benign Providence with the history of mankind during the last twenty-five years, leaves faith somewhat shattered and the mind bewildered.



ACTOR AND SCULPTRESS

Miss Jessica Stonor, a kinswoman of Lord Camoys, who was at Mr. Némon's studio-party, is herself a sculptress and held an exhibition at the Ackermann Galleries last month. With her is Mr. Leslie Howard (Ashley Wilkes in last week's film of *Gone With the Wind*), who is at present sitting to Mr. Némon for a head



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

A portrait by Flora Lion, R.P.S., on exhibition at Knoedler's Galleries to-morrow (25th) by the gracious permission of her Majesty



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT

Another of the admirable portraits in Flora Lion's exhibition, which is open until June



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN KENNEDY

An Argyll and Sutherland Highlander who is "Jock" to his many friends and formerly G.O.C. 1st Division, Aldershot

FLORA LION'S EXHIBITION IN AID OF THE RED CROSS AND ST. JOHN'S

The private view of this very distinguished portrait exhibition at Knoedler's Galleries is to-morrow, April 25th, and, all things going well, it will remain open until June. It would be but to paint the lily to extol Flora Lion's genius, for her work is of world renown, and from these few specimens included in this page it is equally unnecessary to dilate upon the quality. The portraits of Her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent are on exhibition by special permission. The two famous soldiers whose portraits complete the "gallery" on this page are well known to everyone in and out of the Service. Sir Philip Chetwode was a particular success in India, and Major-General "Jock" Kennedy an equally pronounced one when he was at Aldershot



FIELD-MARSHAL SIR PHILIP CHETWODE

A former C.I.C.S. and C-in-C. in India, originally a 19th Hussar and one of the many cavalry soldiers who have come to the top

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

I shouldn't mind committing suicide; but I see as little reason for dying as for living. There is no longer any meaning in life."

Again, that intensely enthusiastic gardener who, when Mr. Landau visited her garden after war had been declared and again admired it, said: "I have lost all interest in gardening. I could never have believed that this would happen, but now the garden means practically nothing to me. Next week five pounds' worth of new bulbs are arriving. For months I have been looking forward to planting them, yet I am not sure that I shall do anything at all about them. War seems to kill more than men alone," she concluded in a resigned voice. "A week ago," Mr. Landau writes, "I should have been horrified at such defeatism. To-day I know that Mrs. M. is not the only one in whom something has snapped."

Well, I believe that those others in whom something has snapped will love Rom Landau's book more than most of the war books which have been written and published since September last year. Especially those who have built up their inner lives on books and art and music and literature; on beauty within and without; on peaceful, lovely things; now finding them all threatened, if not destroyed; yet at the same time discarding all thoughts of pacifism under the circumstances; still less becoming defeatists; but nevertheless bewildered—as if the more lovely fundamentals of cultured living had been destroyed for no divine purpose which anybody could understand.

These especially will find in Mr. Rom Landau's new book an even greater understanding than they found in his previously successful volume, "God Is My Adventure." And always, where there is understanding there is a glimmer of faith and hope. And this, almost more than anything else, is what, so to speak, we listen for beyond the angry clamour and the din; beyond the clash of arms and the sickeningly evil utterance of the Nazi philosophy.

Thoughts from "Of No Importance"

"IF the enjoyment of life implies also a deeper consciousness of the living forces, then few things can add more perceptibly to that enjoyment than does a garden."

"Difference of standards and attachment to the belief that one's own are the only valid ones are the most frequent cause of friction between people who live and work together."

"When you walk in the fields at night you recognise with a deep thrill that night has turned the world into one great cathedral."

"No one expects a modern conversation to be a platonic symposium. But to confine it to personalities is like reading a newspaper with nothing but gossip columns in it."

"Democracy is only possible in a mature country; totalitarianism invariably denotes retrogression or plain savagery."

France Magnificently at "War"

HOW wise of Heinemann's to publish Mr. Somerset Maugham's little book, "France at War," at the low price of sixpence. Now everybody can read it, as everybody should. No wonder neutrals know so little of our own war effort when we, ourselves, know so little of the war effort of our great Ally! This book, small in bulk but magnificent in implication, will tell us

much of what we want to know concerning how the ordinary French man and woman are faring in these days when once more England and France are standing shoulder to shoulder. Few, for example, have realised what the war has meant to people living in



COUNT JEAN BALINSKI JUNDZILL

At the World Citizenship Conference at Oxford. Not one of the least interesting contributions at the important Conference was Count Jundzill's speech on "Some Guiding Principles of the Next Peace Settlement." He is Deputy Director of the Polish Research Centre in London, and he and his wife managed to escape just before the Germans overran Poland, with the results which are common knowledge

Alsace-Lorraine from the very beginning. Almost the whole country evacuated; Strasbourg, a city of the dead, its lovely cathedral awaiting, most probably, the same fate which befell that equally lovely Rheims.

Yet, although most of the inhabitants were evacuated to empty houses in the interior, already these houses have become homes: overcrowded, but still homes. Yet, to get security once and for always from the perpetually recurring German menace, we are told, "they are prepared for any sacrifice of ease and money and for great sacrifice of life, and I think it is as well that the world at large should realise that they are determined not to allow themselves again to be cheated of it. . . . The French do not believe that they can attain security merely by overthrowing Hitler and his Government. . . . The French are not at war with

a band of gangsters; they are at war with Germany."

This spirit of a war to end any more wars, especially German-inspired wars, animates the whole of the country. And the effort which is being made to this end is described by Mr. Maugham in this interesting and inspiring little book in a manner which is an inspiration in itself. It is the kind of inside information discovered by personal encounters, personal inspection, which most of us have been awaiting for a long time. It should make us prouder than ever of our Ally and encourage us magnificently towards our own still greater efforts.

A Dissertation Upon Reading

HEINEMANN'S have also published another little book by Somerset Maugham, which, although on such a very different subject, is just as interesting, just as delightful to read. Its title, "Books and You" (3s. 6d.), explains itself. It is a volume of those articles on literature which were printed not so long ago in the New York *Saturday Evening Post*. To these have been added a delightful preface. It is always interesting to know what famous authors consider should be read among the classics of literature—and why. Especially, as in this case, the starting-point is one of enjoyment—not duty. Mr. Maugham tells us of



MORE FAMOUS FIGURES AT THE OXFORD CONFERENCE

Mr. Philip Noel Baker, M.P., having a word or two with Lady Chatterjee. The subject of the discourse by the Member for Derby was "The League of Nations—What Next?" Lady Chatterjee, wife of the learned Sir Atul Chatterjee, acted as Chairman of the Conference. She was formerly Miss Gladys Mary Broughton

the books which he has most loved, and why he has loved them. Moreover, he analyses his enjoyment, explaining his likes and dislikes. And so his delightful book is also a challenge to your own preferences; which is just what book-lovers like most of all.



CAPTAIN MICHAEL DUNN WITH LADY CUNARD

One of the officers who will benefit by this new club with that great patron of the opera and the arts



CAPTAIN W. S. COOLIN AND LADY MAUREEN STANLEY

The pretty wife of the Secretary of State for War is naturally a warm supporter of anything benefiting the soldier-man

LIEUTENANT GARTHWAITE, FLEET AIR ARM, LADY FORBES
AND MISS E. N. IRONSIDE

People very much in the news, for the naval C-in-C., Sir Charles Forbes, planned Narvik and all that followed, the Fleet Air Arm chipped in and did its bit nobly, and Miss Ironside is a daughter of the C.I.G.S.



MR. LESLIE CLARKE AND LADY HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM

If there had been anything in the way of an Armada to defeat this time, a Howard of Effingham would have had a hand in it. Lord Effingham's daughter-in-law was Miss Maria Gertler

A picture of the originator of this admirable scheme, the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend, appears on p. 146 in this issue, and from what happened at this luncheon at the Dorchester to celebrate the opening there is not much doubt about its marching to success. The main idea is to give the officers of all three Services of the Allied Forces somewhere to go on that day which London, and England in general, contrive to make one of the most difficult in the whole week. This is not so on the Continent, and so the officers of our gallant Allies may particularly appreciate Lady Townshend's Club. As will be observed from this collection, the support was of the most distinguished, including representatives of all three arms. Lady Forbes is an outstanding figure in the news of the moment, and the officer to whom she is talking looks as if he had only recently come out of the fire. Brigadier-General Kentish organised and later became Commandant of the Senior Officers' School, Aldershot, and he was also the founder of the National Playing Fields Association, of which his Majesty the King became the first President



MRS. RICHARD TAUBER AND BRIG.-GEN. R. J. KENTISH (HON. SEC.)

Famous soldier and beautiful actress-wife of that great singer, now a naturalised Britisher. Mrs. Tauber in stageland is Diana Napier

ALICE DELYSIA WITH CAPTAIN LAPORTE, A FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN
Delysia is one of the greatest props and stays of the Morale Department of two lands, her own and ours

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

WE are in the habit of damning our Amateur Strategists into small heaps. It would be interesting to learn what the German General Staff are saying about their Amateur Strategist. The German G.S., incidentally, is a very learned body and has forgotten more about war than the House-Painter

to the point just mentioned. He forgot all he had laid down about "communications." Vittoria, June 21, 1813, was the penalty. The Corporal's brother (Joseph) also lost a silver utensil which is now part of the 14th Hussars' mess plate. (3) Corunna: I think this may be included, because it is another instance of a disregard of the other chap's communications. Napoleon made sure that Soult could tumble Moore into the sea. So he did, in a way, but the British ships were there to receive the British Army. Soult got the blunt end of the bargain. In the present "Corunna" there will be no ships available to take home whatever may be left of the House-Painter's army.

IN those most interesting Memoirs of John Buchan now being published by our respected contemporary, the *Sunday Times*, the following passage, amongst many, arrests my attention:

My favourite light reading was the lives of lawyers. I developed a special admiration for Mansfield, and, finding that the life of the great Chief Justice had never been written, I set myself to remedy the lack.

This was written when Lord Tweedsmuir was keeping his terms at the Bar and it intrigues me particularly, because I once knew a stuff gowns-

man (subsequently a famous silk) who told me that his greatest literary relaxations were "Odger on Libel and Slander" and "Byles on Bills." Having dipped into both these thrillers, it gave me an illuminating sidelight upon the lighter side of the Law. John Buchan was impelled to write the life of that great C.J., but why does not someone do similar justice to the less exalted members of a great profession? I put it to Mr. A. P. Herbert (for one) that he should compile a musical comedy upon the emotional life of a solicitor. I further suggest that it is up to someone with intimate knowledge to

write a romance with an articulated clerk as the hero. They are a sadly underpaid and downtrodden class supposed to know nothing much beyond Bills of Costs, "parcels," "processes," and *cestui que trust*. This thing is howling aloud for redress.

A case in point: the protest raised by an honest solicitor anent the proposed insurance fund against the machinations of those of his profession who are otherwise, can hardly occasion surprise even amongst people who gather their impressions of what solicitors are like from what they

(Continued on page 14)



"HORSE THIEVES, LTD."

The pleasant way in which some rude persons describe a Remount Unit north of Suez. Very hot: a cheery crowd, and they say the steeds are stars. At back: Lieut. Leslie Weaver, Captain John Smith Maxwell, well known in Cheshire and Leicestershire hunting worlds; Captain Leslie Jones, late 20th Hussars and famous with the Whaddon. In front: Captain Foster (Sir Ian Walker's Master of the Horse), Major Jim Lethbridge, formerly 14th-20th Hussars, and Major Joe Bell, the Veterinary Officer

Amateur Strategist ever knew. The trouble is that no one in Germany dare think aloud.

HE who operates from directions wide apart between which there is no direct communication commits a fault which generally leads to others. These were the words of a Little Corporal who was big enough to eat two House-Painter Corporals without getting indigestion. The other Corporal disregarded his own maxim upon one notable occasion and paid a heavy price for doing so (the clues for anyone who is interested are Aboukir—Nile, August 1, 1798). Another wise-saw enunciated by the same authority was that one should always make oneself master of the communications—including, of course, one's own. The Little Corporal on two occasions—we might, perhaps, say three—again disregarded his own maxim and paid heavily. The clues are: (1) Moscow, from which tiresome perambulation he returned with little more than Tchaikowski's two grenadiers. He believed he had a Siegfried Line behind him. (2) St. Ander, in Northern Spain. He disregarded the fact that his adversary's complete command of the sea enabled him to change his base of operations from Lisbon



Stuart

BLUNDELL'S: SEVEN-A-SIDE VICTORS

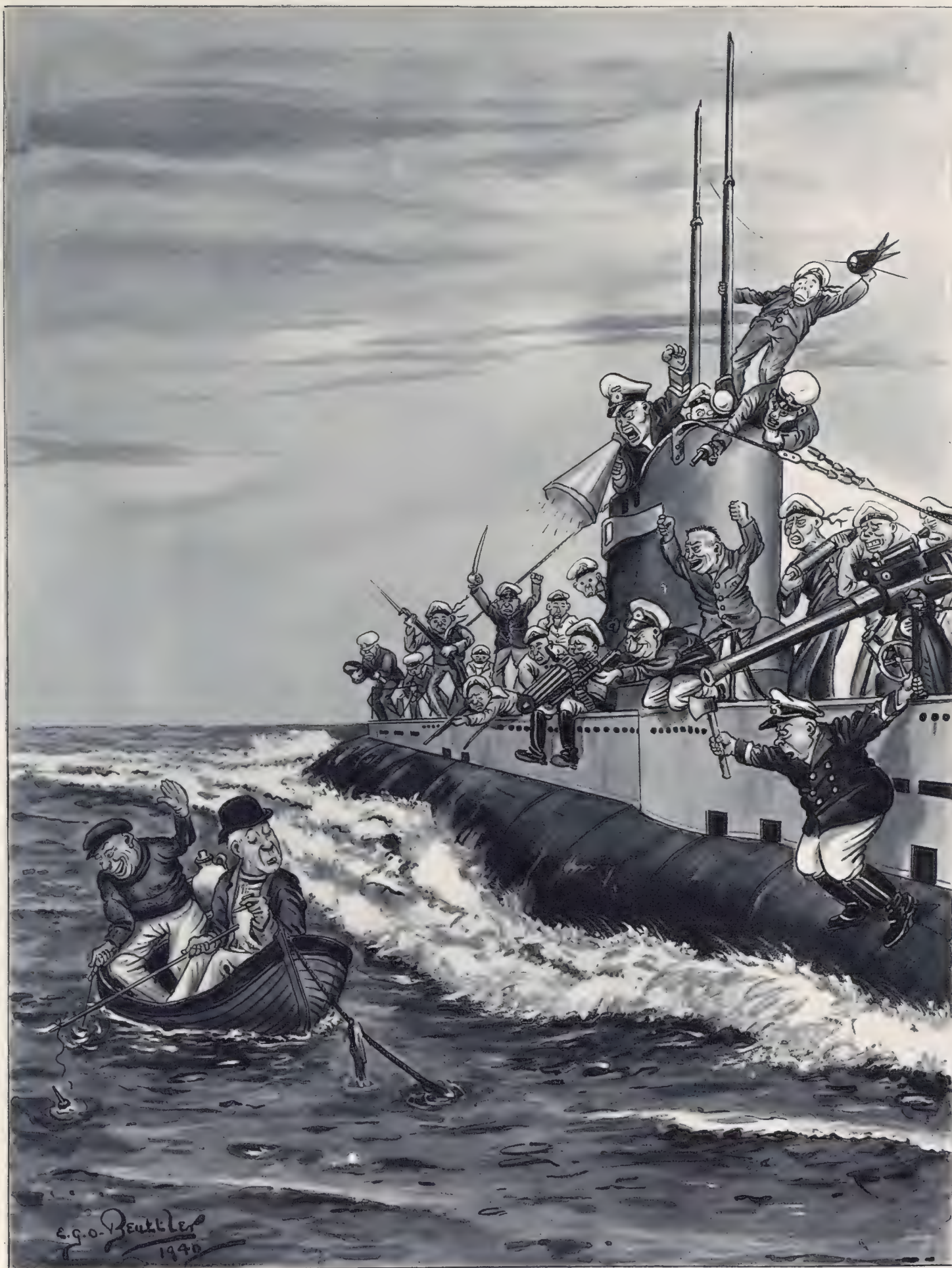
Blundell's won the Public Schools Seven-a-side Rugby tournament at Richmond, beating Dulwich in the final by the remarkable score of 28 points to nil. Starting at 11 a.m., they had to play six rounds to the final. Names (left to right, back row): H. W. Skinnler, D. Chapman, J. N. Dollar (referee), L. G. Baker, R. D. M. Penny; (sitting) R. L. F. Mitchell, C. Burton (Organiser of Tournament), W. J. Hotblack (captain), P. Lawson



Stuart

DULWICH: FINALISTS AT RICHMOND

Dulwich were runners-up to Blundell's in the Seven-a-side Rugby tournament. They defeated Bedford, Rydal and Felsted en route to the final, but were too exhausted to give the winners a close match. Names (left to right): Commdr. C. D. Gilbert, J. Evans, Cecil Dixon (President, Rosslyn Park R.F.C., on whose ground the matches took place), B. P. Edwards, W. O. Thomas, H. A. Burlinson (Secretary and Treasurer of Club); (sitting) A. S. May, G. Magill, A. B. W. Pennell (captain), T. A. Roper

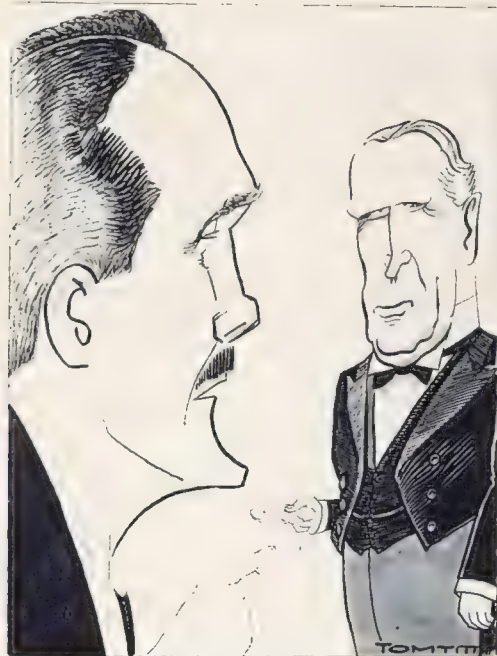


“GO AWAY! YOU’RE SCARING THE FISH”

DRAWN BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLE

"REBECCA" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

By ALAN BOTT



MAXIM DE WINTER, WITH HEAVY BUTLER:
OWEN NARES, DOUGLAS JEFFERIES

I WISH they had made "The Hall at Manderley, the House of Maxim de Winter," look less normal and bourgeois. It is dominated by an admirable, stripped oak staircase, above which portraits of ancestors look down at intervals of every two feet. But the ancestors are amiable gentlemen in period dress, without a sinister stare among them; and the rest of the Hall would do service as an average room in somebody's mansion in Lancaster Gate. Whereas the story of *Rebecca* demands a background in keeping with its Secret of a Cornish Manor. As a plot, it could have been used by Miss Braddon or Lucas Malet or, up to a point, Charlotte Brontë. Beyond that point, when the tale of strange murder has been dragged from the depths, it is in tune with Wilkie Collins. And Maxim de Winter, as a name for the wealthy squire, sounds like pure Ouida.

Miss Daphne du Maurier, I am sure, consciously borrowed from none of these, when she wrote *Rebecca* as a novel. It made, in any case, a gripping yarn, with an appeal so widespread that my copy of it went the rounds of enthusiasts ranging from my hard-boiled cook to a fairly sweet girl-graduate who read Economics at Somerville College. So Miss du Maurier turned it into a play also. It is difficult to bring the characters in any best-selling novel outside their cloth bindings. They can easily become bloodless or absurd, or at any rate, different from how Appreciative Reader saw them in her mind's eye. Deprived of description, they must be clothed in good "atmosphere"; of which there is next to none in this play.

The relatives and retinue of maids and footmen and heavy butler stand waiting to welcome the Master and his new bride: it just misses a suggestion of how that sort of thing is done in musical comedy. The shrinking young thing of tradition, married to the rich landowner who leaves her to her own lack of devices, is terrified by the traditional wicked housekeeper, who is determined that no interloper shall usurp the place of the lovely lady she formerly served. But no chills go up and down your spine,

RAYMOND HUNTLEY

C. V. FRANCE

RONALD WARD

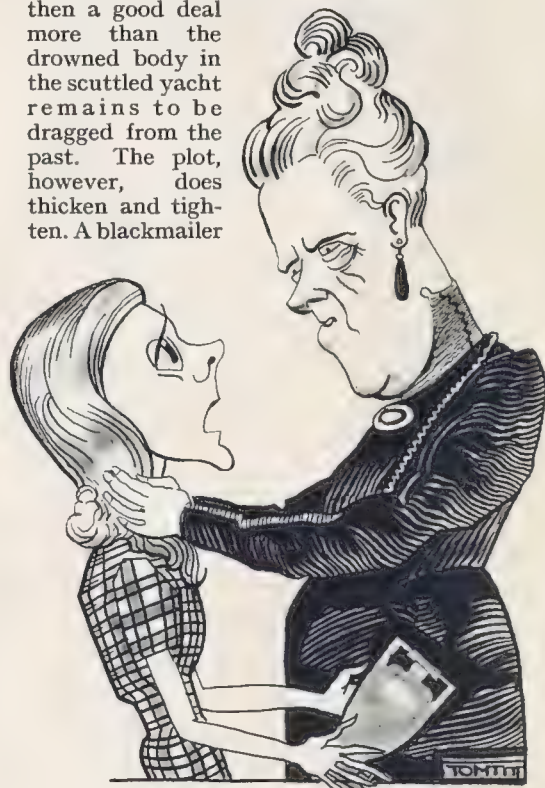
not even when the wicked housekeeper, insisting that dead Rebecca is still Mistress of Manderley and the squire's new wife but a ghost, tries to make the lorn young thing a ghost indeed. She has some justification for the belief: until then, dead



GEORGE THORPE AND EDITH SHARPE

Rebecca is more vivid in the audience's mind than those present in the flesh. Meanwhile, acres of novelist's words have been used to conjure her up, and three-quarters of the action has happened off-stage.

There is a sufficient thrill when Maxim de Winter clears up the Misunderstanding by confessing to his new wife that he pardonably murdered his vicious first one. But two whole Acts have gone; and even then a good deal more than the drowned body in the scuttled yacht remains to be dragged from the past. The plot, however, does thicken and tighten. A blackmailer



GIRL-BRIDE AND WICKED HOUSE-
KEEPER: CELIA JOHNSON, MARGARET
RUTHERFORD

who would win any prize for nastiness does his ugly stuff; an ancient but purposeful Chief Constable takes charge; there is much ado about whether poor Maxim shall be arrested or get away with it. Further ado about whether he shall live the gossip down in foreign parts, or stay to face it with his girl-bride, brings the right kind of ending for the kind of drama it is. This last Act is taut, and even exciting; and for the rest, the story redeems some of the continual harking-back.

Mr. Owen Nares, wearing a fuzzy moustache, has to maunder a lot but is good enough actor to keep his Maxim de Winter consistently interesting. Miss Celia Johnson gives charm to a colourless rôle: she shrinks ably, sheds a pretty tear, throws a realistic faint, as the occasion demands. Miss Margaret Rutherford's wicked housekeeper, I regret to say, made me grin often. Mr. C. V. France strengthens and steadies the play when it has begun to totter into the absurd. Mr. Ronald Ward bounds like anything and is deft at polishing off six strong whiskies within twenty minutes. Mr. Raymond Huntley, as always, is good at standing still and being silent. Mr. George Thorpe and Miss Edith Sharpe make fun with fancy dress.

"NEW FACES" AT THE COMEDY

The Author
of "Balalaika" finds
Fresh Talent for an
Intimate Revue

Eric Maschwitz ought to be right on the top of the wave, for not only has he put one in bang in the centre of the target with this witty, pretty and tuneful show, but he has collected some fascinating fledglings who have never before been in the headlights. His *Balalaika* film is also a winner. There is plenty below about clever Judy Campbell, but as to the rest, Hazel Jennings is Irish and she showed that she could sing when she was on tour in *Lilac Time*; Bill Fraser was in a bank, had a useful experience touring India and Malaya as an actor, and is a sure find. Zoe Gail comes from South Africa and is another Maschwitz find, as also is Josephine Lee



HAZEL JENNINGS, BILL FRASER, ZOE GAIL AND JOSEPHINE LEE
And the number is "Swing Time," with some of Mr. William Shakespeare's
songs and Jack Strachey's music



BETTY ANN DAVIES, JUDY CAMPBELL AND PEGGY WILLOUGHBY
IN "SWING TIME"

(ON RIGHT) JUDY CAMPBELL SINGING "BERKELEY SQUARE"

"Swing Time" was also bed-time for the three little ladies in the picture above. Judy Campbell is one of Eric Maschwitz's finds, for he spotted her when he was doing censoring in Liverpool, and she was in the local repertory company. He has proved himself a good picker, for she has talent plus charm—enormous assets to anyone! Jack Davies, whose clever sister is in the picture and one of the hits of the evening, contributed one of the funniest sketches in the show—"Practically No Activity" (on the Western Front)





MR. GEORGE ELLIOTT, MRS. REYNOLDS ALBERTINI (CHAIRMAN) AND LADY LODER
Mrs. Reynolds Albertini, sister of Reginald Denny, the film actor, has worked untiringly in the cause of the prisoners of war



MR. AND MRS. PHILIP NUNNELLY
Mr. Nunnelly is the youngest trainer in the list and has his quarters at Epsom



PRINCESS NATASHA BAGRATION, THE HON. RONNIE GREVILLE AND MISS ROSEMARY KERR
The Princess is a cousin of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and the only daughter of the Princess Tatiana Constantinova



CAPTAIN AND MRS. ANTHONY STOCKER

Mrs. Stocker is the former Miss Peta Davis, a most popular unit of the younger generation. Her husband is in a Hussar regiment

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN PAY-PARTY IN AID OF THE PRISONERS OF WAR



CAPTAIN SIR HUMPHRY DE TRAFFORD AND THE HON. MRS. JAMES BECK

He, back again in the Coldstream, and one of the king-pins in N.H. sport, and Mrs. Beck, Lord Glenconner's beautiful sister



MR. CHARLES OPPENHEIM, MISS MARGOT DUKE AND MR. AND MRS. DAVID PHILLIPS

A group of charming young people who were supporters. Mr. Oppenheim (Household Brigade) is a cousin of Sir Godfrey Thomas and Mrs. Phillips is the former Miss Daphne Duke

This Anglo-American pay-party, for which Mrs. Reynolds Albertini worked so hard, was held at the Dorchester, and from all information received amply accomplished the object for which it was set on foot. The central idea is to provide funds for the Community Treasure Chest, which sends books to sailor, soldier, and airman prisoners of war with whom time, we may bet, hangs very heavily. However, we all hope that this will not be for as long as was at one time thought that it might be

*Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street*

THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MARCHIONESS OF TOWNSHEND

The wedding of the former Miss Elizabeth Luby to the young officer who is at present an A.D.C. on the C.I.G.S.'s staff took place last year. General Sir Edmund Ironside, as the world knows, is a gunner by trade, and the Marquess of Townshend is also in a unit of the Royal Regiment. The letters C.I.G.S. do not stand for "Chief Inspector General Services," as some "expert" has suggested. Lady Townshend is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Luby, her father having been a member of the Indian judiciary, and whilst in India their daughter imbibed a taste for big-game shooting. Raynham is famous for another kind of shooting. It is also rated to be the most haunted house in all England—the "Brown Lady," supposed to be Lady Dorothy Walpole, being the principal spectre



VIVIEN LEIGH AS SCARLETT O'HARA

"Greatest Ever" Hollywood Film
Packs Three West End Cinemas

STARS OF "GONE WITH THE WIND"



CLARK GABLE AS

(BELOW)
ASHLEY WILKES (LESLIE





RHETT BUTLER

HOWARD) WITH SCARLETT



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND AS MELANIE HAMILTON

Last week's triple première of David Selznick's Technicolour *magnum opus*, *Gone With the Wind*, at the Empire, Palace and Ritz Cinemas, has started off with appropriate *éclat* a run of the film which promises to make previous film records look insignificant. Every seat in the three cinemas was booked well ahead for the première, which was attended by over five thousand people, and the cinemas are already getting enquiries for seats many months ahead. An odd feature is that two of the four principals pictured above in this essentially American story are English, both Vivien Leigh and Leslie Howard being London stage stars. Miss Leigh was, in fact, an overnight sensation on her first

West End appearance in *The Mask of Virtue*, and has since acted with the O.U.D.S. and the Old Vic company (going with them to Elsinore for their on-the-spot *Hamlet* in 1937). Leslie Howard came to the stage by way of bank-clerking and the Army, and has played since 1918 in almost every London and New York theatre, as well as making many films, including *Pygmalion*, the outstanding British success of recent years, of which he was also co-director. Clark Gable, who also graduated to the screen from the stage, celebrates this year the tenth anniversary of his break into Hollywood. *Gone With the Wind* is reviewed by James Agate on page 124 of this issue

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER—It is no bong for a mere civilian to get measles or an appendy in Paris these days. The doctors are busy elsewhere. I am told that quite a few were demobbed after the first fine frenzy of rounding up the fighters dwindled down to the present what-the-ell-do-we-do-next state of affairs on the Western Front, but even so there seems to be a dearth of G.P.s to attend to the everyday sort of ailments that the Parisian civvie is heir to. My own vets, homœopathic and otherwise, are both away, and the Skye's doctor is busy curing tanks of staggers somewhere between Cuebwiller and Longwy.

The Skye, by the way, has just received official intimation from the Société Centrale Canine that he is now a fully-fledged *champion de beauté* of France, a fact that leaves him coldly indifferent, but that makes me wag the tail quite violently. Will our Miss Bruce kindly note, as she was kind enough to predict nice things for him when she gave him his reserve ticket for the C.A.C. when she came over to judge one of the most important Paris shows two years ago. Happy days of yore, happy days.

YOU may note, from the above, that I lean towards homœopathy. Indeed, I do so quite heavily, for I strongly believe that the smaller the dose the merrier! None the less, I like to have a mixer of black draughts in the background as well... just in case! However, they are all away at time of typing, and when in doubt, whether it be for worm mixture for the dog or snake-bite antidote, on non-likker days, for the missus, I ring up Scott's (Opera 40-00) *la pharmacie anglaise* and, reassured by the friendly English voice at the other end of the line, state my case with unblushing candour.

This might easily be made a habit of in peacetime as well. Think of the saving of petrol and time and shoe leather for the doctor. Television for showing the tongue already exists! What a chance for a bright young inventor to do something about taking an invalid's pulse and temperature by wireless! Wireless programmes are so deadly dull or else so exasperatingly inane over here—this criticism is almost a universal one—that it would be quite a thrilling change to be able to pick up the daily bulletin about Mam'zel Durand's zona or M'sieur Dupont's erysipelas!

BBROADCASTS that seem to greatly annoy the Parisian radio fans are the *informations en langue étrangère*. The French are not great linguists, and though they willingly put up with the German and Italian speakers that they can understand more or less, they start gnawing the hearthrug when the guttural tones of the Croatian broadcast come rasping over the ether. Surely it would be wiser for the *Centre d'information* to confine itself to languages that have reached the night schools!

A pet abomination is also the transmitting of what one might call "Front Line Noises"! One presumes that this purposes to be auricular evidence that a real war—as we imagine a war to be—is

THE French are not linguists, but they are becoming wows at Anglo-American as spoken in, on, or from "the Screen." There are fifteen cinema theatres in the Champs Élysées alone that show British or American films. Another twenty, at least, are scattered over the rest of the city, and some of these are to be found in such far-away and, shall I say, "undistinguished" quarters as Clichy and even Belleville.

Good-bye, Mr. Chips is in its fourth month of showing, and *Wuthering Heights*, after a run of over six months at the Portiques, is now at one of the movie-houses on the *grands boulevards*, where the queues that line up outside show that it has again started on a long run. *Pygmalion* is having the same success, which amazes me more than a little,

since a French audience must surely find it difficult to differentiate between the Cockney twang of the heroine and the accent she acquires, having learned to mouth English-as-she-is-spoke in the Best Circles. *The Private Life of Henry VIII* and *Muliny on the Bounty* have always been in one weekly bill or t'other since both pictures first came over, and, since the war started, the same applies to the *Bengal Lancer*. The reason for this is explained by the remark made by a young *midinette*: "They are so 'ansome in uniform, ze English!" The fly in the harness-grease being, however, that she was looking at Gary Cooper rather than at Aubrey Smith when she said it.

PRISCILLA.



JEAN RENOIR AS LOUIS SEIZE IN HIS OWN FILM OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, "LA MARSEILLAISE"

The scene in which he hears of the fall of the Bastille and probably for the first time realises that there is a revolution which may cost him his head. This wonderful French film came to the Academy Cinema on the 20th and has had an almost inevitable success. Many of the shots were made in Fontainebleau Forest and in the State apartments at Versailles. It is an epic story of the days of the French Revolution and the unhappy reign which that upheaval ended

really in progress. One hears the eerie whistling of the wind in the barbed-wire entanglements, the squelching of mud, the creak of leather and the dull *blummmmp!* of an occasional shell. Between whiles an unfortunate *poilu* is dragged to the "mike," and his inarticulate stammering conveys his acute discomfort at being obliged to inform the world that it wasn't really his fault if he won the *croix de guerre*, and that he hopes to do better next time.

This sort of thing curdles on ye tum-tum (same-like Stalky's reaction to the "jelly-bellied flag-flapper!"); the soldiers hate it, the people at home hate it, and I bet that the fellow who handles the mike and registers the records—you do know that they are gramophone records, don't you?—hates the whole business too. . . . So what?



LISE DELAMARE AS MARIE ANTOINETTE Hailing from the Comédie Française, Lise Delamare was well-schooled to play the Queen in whose hands Louis was like putty, and but for whom he might have weathered the storm. Marie Antoinette was undoubtedly one of the main predisposing causes of the catastrophe that was to befall France



THE TWO PRINCIPALS: ROBERT HELPMANN (FRANZ) AND MARY HONER (SWANILDA) IN "COPPELIA"

VIC-WELLS BALLET DANCE "COPPELIA" IN ITS ENTIRETY

That the traditional spirit of enterprise of the Vic-Wells ballet company has been no whit dimmed by the war was shown last week by their successful presentation of all three acts of *Coppelia*, with choreography reconstructed by Nicolas Sergueeff from the work of those classic creators of ballet, Petipa and Cecchetti, to the charming music of Delibes. The performance was a personal triumph for Mary Honer, who danced Swanilda, the girl who is jealous of toy-maker Coppélius' lovely doll. Robert Helpmann, firmly established as one of the most polished dancers this country has produced, was at the top of his form as Franz, Swanilda's erring swain whose spirit nearly gets translated into the doll Coppelia by the machinations of her maker. The third act, which the Wells now present for the first time, is a series of divertissements (after the manner of *Aurora's Wedding*) to mark a village feast



JUNE BRAE (PRAYER) AND PAMELA MAY (DAWN), TWO OF THE WELLS' MOST PROMISING YOUNG DANCERS, IN THE WINGS



THREE DOLLS: MENA JORDAN AS THE ASTROLOGER, BUNTY KELLEY AS COPPELIA, AND MARGARET INNES AS PIERROT

THE MIDLANDERS DINE AN EMINENT MIDLANDER



THE RT. HON. ANTHONY EDEN AND THE
LORD MAYOR (SIR WILLIAM COXEN)

The guest of honour (Mr. Anthony Eden) arrived late at the Connaught Rooms—unavoidably detained by a Cabinet meeting



LADY JOSEPH AND SIR PATRICK HANNON

The charming partner of the Member for Birmingham is the wife of Sir Francis Joseph, whose seat is in Cheshire



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JOHN BROWN
AND LORD CHARNWOOD

The soldier hails from Northamptonshire and the former Member for Woodstock (Oxon) is his dinner partner



THE COUNTESS RACZYNSKI AND THE EARL OF DUDLEY

The wife of the Polish Ambassador, Count Edward Raczyński, is the unfortunate witness of yet more German spoliation



SIR ALBERT BALL, THE LORD MAYOR OF NOTTINGHAM (MR. J. F. HENDERSON),
AND LADY BALL

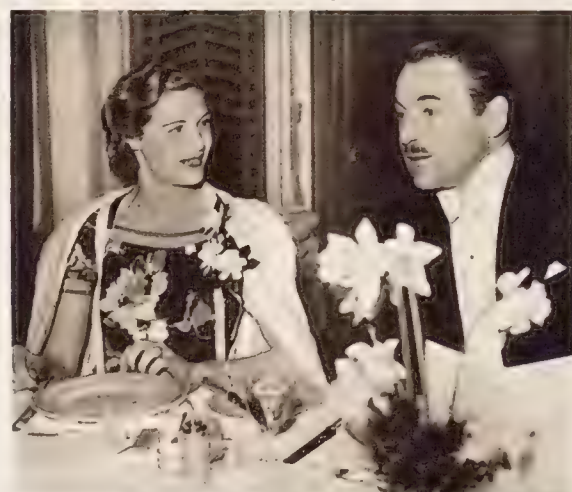
Sir Albert Ball was Lord Mayor of Nottingham, 1935-36, and Lady Ball is the former Miss Estelle Dunnop from Quorn—all very Midland



LORD AND LADY KENILWORTH

Lord Kenilworth, chairman of Armstrong-Siddeley and Armstrong-Whitworth, *inter alia*, is the former Mr. John Davenport Siddeley

The principal guest, as is well known to one and all, is the Member for Leamington and also our ex-Foreign Secretary, but his family is more North Country than Mercia, and Mrs. Anthony Eden, daughter of Sir Gervase and Lady Beckett, is quite definitely Yorkshire. This feast at the Connaught Rooms was given by the County Societies of Mercia, and the hosts readily forgave the principal guest for being twenty-five minutes late when they knew that the Cabinet had not even allowed him time to change into dinner rig. Even in such fast-moving moments as the present ones, Cabinet Ministers must be permitted to do something towards re-fuelling. This banquet was a legitimate occasion



MRS. M. MARSH AND MR. DUDLEY JOEL

Mr. Dudley Joel, youngest son of the late Mr. Solly Joel, has been the Conservative Member for the Borough of Dudley since 1931

SERVICE UNITS—No. 29



AN R.A.F. STATION SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND: BY "MEL"

"Somewhere in England" must always be just a manner of speaking, for, as is common knowledge, our Air Fighters may at any moment be here, there, or anywhere. The Boche has also some definite knowledge as to this. They have recently been putting the stencils on a place called Stavanger, and there are many more to come. The fact that the enemy has studiously suppressed all mention of these fine exploits is their best advertisement

AN INJURED HUSBAND

By MICHAEL ARLEN



"EDDIE IS $\frac{1}{2}$ AMERICAN, $\frac{1}{4}$ FRENCH AND $\frac{1}{4}$ JEW"

I NEVER go to Monte Carlo but I look up my old friend Eddie. His name is Edward Figges (rhymes with figs) and he is known as Eddie Fixit the world over. That means next to nothing in most cases, but in Eddie's it means from the bars of Shanghai to the swimming-pools of Palm Beach and the genteel parlours of Reno, Nevada.

Eddie's Bar is not far from the old Sporting Club. It is a largish circular room divided by horribly improbable columns and decorated with that faultless bad taste which, like the hats of all the women you and I shall be seeing to-day, outrages all sensibility but amuses the idiot-mind lying just beneath (if that) the surface of us all. Eddie, as a barman who has been the mode these twenty years or more, is in his own way as profound a student of the 1920-1940 idiot-mind as Aldous Huxley, though the betting is that Eddie makes more brass out of it than Aldous.

I find the war has changed him little, though he misses his regular American customers. Eddie is $\frac{1}{2}$ American, $\frac{1}{4}$ French and $\frac{1}{4}$ Jew, born in Indo-China and brought up in Detroit, and all this is said to be a pretty heady mixture for any man not possessed of great natural amiability. But with Eddie, as with most successful barmen and doctors and politicians, a genius for quick-witted insincerity takes the place of this, and his friendly fruity smile is remembered wherever idlers of all nationalities are gathered. He is not at all suave, for he knows his business. Wearing vulgarity like a bloom in his buttonhole, Eddie has those perfect bad manners which enchant triflers, drunkards, American youths and many silly women.

He's a likeable old pirate. Nothing gets past him, nothing gets him down. I would not take a bet that he won't in due course manage to squeeze himself into the

Kingdom of Heaven, if he has to do it by disguising himself as a crumb from Lazarus' table.

But last time I was in Monte Carlo I saw another side of Eddie. I saw him down. Eating dust, he was. It was afternoon when I dropped around, and the bar was empty but for Eddie's two white-coated boys, who may be changed every month but are always called Albert and André. Then out from the offices behind pops Eddie, friendly fruity smile and all.

"Well, spare my eyes! Why, Mr. Arlen, how are you?"

"I'm fine, Eddie, thanks. How are you?"

"Fine, I'm simply fine. And where are you from this time, Athens or London? Is that so? How's everything, Mr. A.?"

"Fine, Eddie, thanks. How are things with you?"

"Can't complain, Mr. A. Considering. You're looking

well. You're looking fine, sir."

"So are you, Eddie, fine. Seen my old friend Tour-Laval around?"

"He was in yesterday, Mr. A. He's fine. A corporal of engineers. At Antibes. How's the wife and kids, sir?"

"They're fine, Eddie, thanks. How are yours?"

"Me, I got no kids, Mr. A. No, sir. What are you drinking?"

"I'm taking it easy, Eddie. Just Vichy, at this hour. Getting older, you know."

"Well, you're looking simply fine, Mr. A."

"How's that nice little Irish wife of yours, Eddie?"

He laughed. It startled me so much that I gaped at him. It wasn't a laugh so much as a laugh to end laughs.

"My wife?" says he. The friendly fruity smile looked as though it had been carelessly crucified on his face, so that it was slipping. It slipped off entirely when he laughed again.

"It must be a hell of a joke," I said uneasily. "How do the lyrics go, Eddie?"

"My wife!" he said. "Listen, Mr. A., I kicked her out. Like that. I just told that cute little baby to scram. And did she? O boy!"

"Why, Eddie, I simply can't believe it. Your 'little woman'!"

"Correct. My little whatisit. You and me's old friends, Mr. A., so I can tell you. She was no good, that baby. Not worth that. But would you have believed it to look at her? Not you, not me, not anybody. That sweet quiet kid. And am I a judge, or am I crazy? Me! Listen, Mr. A., as between old friends, that little whatisit done me such dirt there's a hollow inside of me when I think of her. No kidding, a darn big hollow—inside of me, Eddie Fixit!"

"I'm truly sorry, Eddie. It must have been terrible, after the way you—"

"Correct. You know, Mr. A. Remember you and me and her went to the races

together—two years ago, was it? At Cannes—remember? You know how I treated her—everything just so, everything swell. Correct? Remember how I was with her, Mr. A.? She wanted a fur-coat. I give her mink. She wants a fancy bracelet. Okay, this is Santa Claus. She wants a swell new radio. Eddie's there, with his tongue out. Me, Eddie Fixit! And then she fixes me fine, wide and handsome. She fixes me so I don't know whether I'm coming or going. How do you like that, Mr. A.?"

"It's simply terrible, Eddie. Such a quiet little mouse, too."

"Correct. I'll tell you something. That baby was just no good. Women like that, sir, they're poison. No honour, no gratitude, no nothing. No heart, Mr. A. Just plain poison. A headache till death do us part. Loyalty? She thinks it's the title of a new Clark Gable picture. Listen, Mr. A., a woman like that, she's nothing but just a *brassière* round a row of sharp nails. Okay, I've had my lesson. Albert, two glasses of champagne here. On the house. I get so darn miserable, Mr. A., when I think of the dirt that dame done me that I just got to drink it off."

"It's sour luck, Eddie."

"You bet. What's there in life, anyway, but loyalty? Correct? A man that's done his best don't expect his wife to play hell with him. Or am I crazy? What am I—a sandbag to be kicked around, or what? Okay, you catch me being good to a girl after this. Pfui! Catch me ever playing *zizipompom* to music ever again. Zut! That girl, Mr. A., it turned out she just had no heart at all."

"I'm truly sorry, Eddie. But you are still young, remember. You will have to try again."

He laughed. If his first laugh had been a laugh to end laughs, this laugh would have made even a B.B.C. funny-man suspect that maybe he wasn't quite so funny as the B.B.C. thought.

"Me try again!" said Eddie hoarsely.

"Let me tell you something, Mr. A. Listen, when I tell my sweet little wife one day—after all I've done for her, all the sugar I've given her—listen, when I tell her that I want to get me a divorce so I can marry a widow with a nice bit of property out by Grasse, listen, Mr. A., what does she do but turn round and do me this dirt? Would you believe it? Oh no, she loves me, she don't want a divorce, she don't want this, nor she don't want that. Oh no, all she wants is to be love-birds with her ever-loving husband. Oh no, and she don't want money, she don't want nothing at all but just to stay married to a tired business-man that wants to hang up his hat inside of a swell little property out Grasse way with a sensible widow that can make you a *ragout* so you eat it in a dream with angels singing. That's gratitude, Mr. A. That's loyalty for you. That's a good wife. That's what modern girls are. No heart, no morals, no nothing. Correct? Excuse me, will you? Why, Mr. Ransome. How are you, Mr. R.?"

"I'm fine, Eddie, thanks. How's tricks?"

"Simply fine, Mr. R. How's your . . ."



FOR BEAUTY IN REPOSE...

VELVA MASQUE

Real beauty is quiet, poised, reposeful. From the exhausting rush of modern existence, snatch a few minutes for rest and relaxation! Close your eyes and lie back while your youth returns to you! . . . Elizabeth Arden's *Velva Masque* will work miracles within the space of fifteen minutes, tightening the muscles, clearing the skin. It soothes—yet it invigorates, tones, refreshes. Only a quarter of an hour—but well spent when it brings you beauty.

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W 1

AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART



LOADING THE "EGGS" FOR THE BERGEN RAID

And in the picture are the crew of one of the "ships" that did the trick so well. It is scarcely necessary to recount the details of the fine work which the R.A.F. and their friends of the R.N. have done since the Germans made their quite unprovoked and extremely foolish incursion on Norway. Hitler's navy has been made to pay heavily and we are not even now at the end of the story

Sharp-shooting

IT is a story and nothing else; and I will not even be betrayed into saying if it is true or not. But it is certainly both remarkable and instructive. A formation of three "Spitfire" fighters had just returned to an aerodrome somewhere in England after having been up on patrol looking for Germans. After landing, the pilots taxied up to the control-tower and got out of their aeroplanes, leaving them pointing towards the tower. They then gave instructions for a check-over to be made in one of the machines and went up to the balcony of the control-tower, where there was a gathering of many of their friends.

Now you know how, often, when you get into or out of a strange motor-car, your hand or sleeve catches the horn-button and there is a sudden blast out of the blue which startles you as much as the inevitable taxi-driver just in front. Well, in this instance, a fitter or rigger or inspector or something climbed into a "Spitfire" to make the check-over when there was an almighty crash as eight speeded Browning guns blazed off straight at the control-tower balcony and its assembled company.

The Sequel

THE mechanic's foot or hand had touched the button inadvertently. It sounds funny in retrospect, but it wasn't in the least funny to those there at the time, and the person responsible, probably thinking that he had killed half-a-dozen people, got out of the cockpit and fainted. Personally, I should have done the same. But the story has a happy ending. Not a single one of those bullets touched anybody. They certainly gave people a shock, though, and a civil aeroplane which had been cruising overhead hurriedly landed and its pilot asked, in an anything

but civil manner, why the blue-pencil this, that or the other he was being shot at.

This story recalls another about the magic machine-gun—a story you may have heard, for the event occurred before the present war. At a station where armament tests were being made, an aeroplane had just landed after a very high flight in a very low temperature. It seems that the crew had left their machine empty and were walking across the tarmac to the flight office when a gun suddenly started to go off behind them—one of the guns in the empty machine—spattering the tarmac and making the crew run like mad. Again, by

good fortune, no one was hurt.

I forget all the details, but it seems that the mechanism of the gun in the front part of the machine had frozen up during the flight and that it took a little time to thaw out after the machine had come down to warmer air, choosing to go off when the crew were walking away. The crew were puzzled, because they knew that no one was in or near their aeroplane when the gun burst into life.

Good Work

AND now for a few words of congratulation to those who took part in the intensive air operations following the

German invasion of Denmark and Norway. This was the first time the Royal Air Force and the Fleet Air Arm—for this branch of the Navy was very active—had been measured against the full weight of the *Luftwaffe*, and the result was most heartening. For our men proved their worth in every encounter and did their jobs, under conditions of almost incredible difficulty, with enormous skill and courage.

You must remember that when a war is being waged under the conditions of those early days of the Norwegian battles, the airman has a tremendous problem before him whenever he attacks. He has to make absolutely sure of his navigation over great distances, in order to eliminate the risk of attacking people on his own side.

This was a particularly difficult problem in Norway. There were no clear-cut frontiers and no direct and ready methods of ascertaining who, on the ground below, was friend or foe. One harbour may look like others on the same coastline.

In these operations there could be no blind losing-off of bombs, for then there would have been serious risk of mistakes being made. Every bomb had to be aimed at a target previously identified beyond any reasonable doubt as an enemy.

Torpedoes

IT is worth noting, too, that on this occasion torpedo-carrying aircraft were used. They were aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm, and although the attack was not very fruitful, it was an important indication of what these machines may do when they get a better target.

By the way, it is worth mentioning once again that the torpedoes used are *not* "aerial torpedoes." An aerial torpedo is a form of gliding bomb, fitted with small wings and designed to run through the air as a marine torpedo runs through the water before striking its target.

No such aerial torpedoes are used today by any air force in the world. They have been experimented with a lot, but they have not been brought to the stage of practical use.

The torpedoes dropped by the Fleet Air Arm machines were ordinary marine torpedoes—modified for air carriage—and the only part that is played by the aircraft is that of carrying them, just as a naval craft might carry them.

Getting Off

IN aviation (and, coarser rumour has it, in other walks of life as well), getting off is a major problem. Get an aeroplane off and it will carry a big load, fast, a long way. But the difficulty is to get it off.

I liked Sir Alan Cobham and Mr. Marcus Langley's remarks on this subject and its relation to refuelling in the air in their paper before the Royal Aeronautical Society, and I predict the Air Staff will have to take note of some kind of assisted take-off or refuelling in the near future. I add that they ought to have taken note of it two or three years ago. But the official time-lag is unalterable.

O. S.



OPENING PARTY FOR THE OFFICERS' SUNDAY

The founder, the Dowager Marchioness of Townshend, and Group Captain A. H. Jackson at the Dorchester, where this party was held. It is an excellent scheme, this club for officers of all Services who may find themselves beached in London on a Sunday, notably the dullest day in the week, and everyone will wish Lady Townshend all the support which the enterprise merits. Some more pictures are on p. 131



Grey + Burgundy

is new!

Gay but serviceable — simple but smart! Simpson's complete, perfectly tailored outfit in Spring's newest colour mates — grey and burgundy. All-round box-pleated skirt, with a striped waistcoat jacket, 8 gns. Matching coat with new box-pleat movement at back and very trim waistline, 7½ gns. All come in fine worsted flannel. Hips 35, 37, 39, 41.



Simpson
PICCADILLY

202 Piccadilly, London, W.1
Regent 2002

Women's Shop
Fourth Floor

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

A Minor Breakdown

THE car stopped abruptly. Out got a zip-bagged and bodiced lady. She raised the bonnet and looked in at the works. Then she closed the lid and tried to re-start. But the look she had given the engine did not encourage it and the starter failed to revive things. So out jumps the lady once more, up goes the bonnet, and this time, after an extra-special look, she taps one or two of the less intimate and more obvious parts of the motor. As this has no effect, she repairs to a convenient kiosk and telephones the Ford service depôt. Though it is Saturday afternoon, an expert is on the spot within a quarter of an hour. He, too, raises the bonnet and does a bit of looking and tapping, or perhaps it was something else, she's not quite sure. Anyway, the engine wakes up and the lady keeps her tea appointment after all.

When asked what was found to be wrong with the car she didn't know. Perhaps it was the coil; she remembered the word because a girl friend's motor-bike had failed with coil trouble a week earlier. Or it may have been that the socket gave out or the plunger wouldn't spark; gloriously muddled failures which meant exactly nothing at all.

Well, the point of this is that while this war is on and very likely during the peace that follows it, there will be no room for inefficiencies like the above. We shall have to get down to doing our own jobs, whether they be decarbonising a pool-polluted engine, finding a short in the domestic electric light supply or soldering a leaky water-pipe. The men and women who can do things, as opposed to those who in the past have been able to pay other people to do them, will stand the best chance of survival. So as far as motoring is concerned, the more one knows of the practical maintenance of a car, the more chance there will be of keeping it going in the future.

I wonder, for instance, how many of, say, a hundred drivers of private cars stopped on the road at random could even mend a puncture. Those of us who have graduated from the days when every journey staged the possibility of a minor, if not a major, breakdown are lucky. We do, at any rate, know how to use a few simple tools intelligently and how to diagnose the more obvious faults. But most moderns regard a car as being about as reliable a piece of personal furniture as a bath. They've only got to twiddle the taps to get results. The car-makers, the service stations, free air, lubrequipment, and so on, have spoilt us, made things too easy. With the result that all we can do is to twiddle taps and fork out the money if anything goes wrong.

Liquid Fuel from Coal

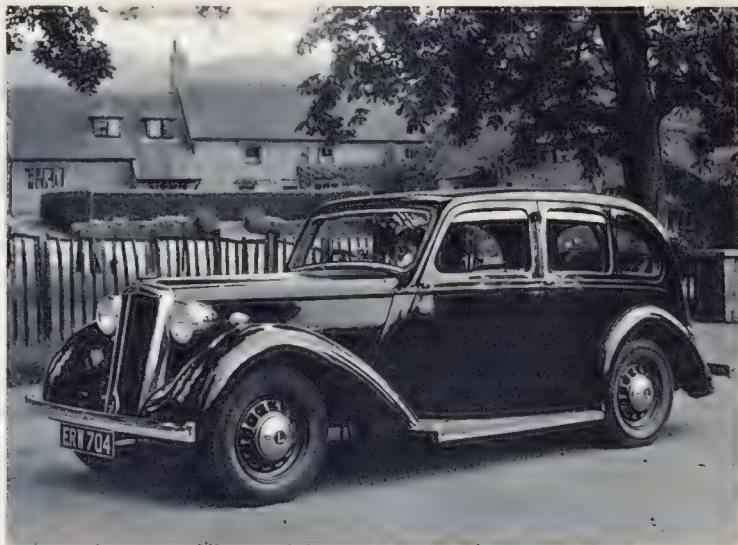
IT was recently stated by an expert that if all of the 260 million tons of coal raised annually from British mines were turned into oil, they would give 47 million tons, or three and a half times more than the country needed. Already we are recovering some 15 million gallons of crude benzole

a year, and a further 12 million gallons a year may be forthcoming by voluntary effort. Besides the extraction of benzole from coal, liquid fuel can be obtained by low-temperature carbonisation and by hydrogenation. Nor must the claims of alcohol be forgotten. But if we are to look to these fuels in the future, immense and expensive specialist plants will have to be built for their production, just as they have been and are being built in Germany. In that country, as long ago as 1937, orders were given to build eight oil-from-coal plants to supplement the half-dozen already in action. According to report, the fuel was produced at a price of 6d. a gallon for an output of over one million tons, most of which, after being doped, could be used satisfactorily in internal-combustion engines. The process requires 5½ tons of coal to produce one ton of oil products.

Speed in Wartime

WITH hundreds of thousands of private cars off the

roads, you might imagine your point-to-point average speed would increase without your noticing it. On the main trunk roads, however, I have not found this to be the case. The other morning I took one of the 1940 Humber "Sixteens" up to London, using A.5. In peacetime I often used this road of Telford and always made a practice of



A LANCHESTER IN WARWICKSHIRE

This Lanchester 14-h.p. de luxe saloon is one of those models which petrol rationing and extra taxes have brought very much into the picture, combining as it does big-car performance and comfort with a comparatively low tax-rating. This picture was taken outside a charming old house at Radway, in the Edge Hill district, in the very heart of the English countryside



THE KING'S CHAUFFEUR

A Heinkel appeared over the Channel and air-raid warnings were sounded in Dover when H.M. the King was being driven with Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood between barracks there on a visit of inspection recently. Driving the car was Mrs. Urquhart-Dykes, of the F.A.N.Y., here seen affixing the Royal Standard.

The raid proved, as usual, entirely abortive

noting the mileage covered in the first hour out of Coventry. The best figure was 58, the average being about 45. Well, the Humber is a fast and effortless car and cruises easily at 60.

Going into Towcester, on the fastest stretch of the road, she ran up to 83 m.p.h., and yet at the end of the hour there were only 45 miles on the register. The cause? Principally heavy lorry traffic, gangs of men painting white lines, and delays at traffic signals.

More Accidents

THE March toll of road accidents exceeded the figures for the same period a year ago, despite the fact that hundreds of thousands of private cars are off the road. About half the total fatalities occurred in the black-out. As the majority of drivers on the roads to-day are professional and expert, the rise in fatalities is unlikely to be due to their carelessness.

It is therefore to the unfortunate but thoughtless victims that we must look for the cause. And the only way to instil road sense into them, whether they travel afoot or on wheels, is by more propaganda, miles and miles of it, by film, in the papers and over the radio. A casualty list of 500 a month warrants large sums being spent to reduce it.

W. G. McM.



The man
who orders
Schweppes
with dinner
is very clearly
no beginner
and Schweppes
of Fine Soda Water
the finest in the
which means that
delicious Ginger Ale and
with Grape Fruit.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

DURING a Scripture lesson, the teacher had been explaining about "turning the other cheek." At the end, she said to one of her pupils, who happened to be the son of a professional pugilist: "Now what would you do, Billy, if Tommy struck you on the right cheek?"

"Do?" said Billy, grinning at Tommy. "Why, Miss, I'd feint with the right, jab 'im under the jaw with the left, tap 'is claret, black 'is peepers, put the 'arf-Nelson on 'im, an' sell 'is remains for cats' meat."



"Oh, look! Is this what you call 'a hole in one'?"

THE young soldier writing home to his mother requested her to send a bottle of hair tonic in his next parcel.

His mother wrote back: "I am so sorry to hear about your loss of hair. You had such a mop of it when you left home."

In his next letter he explained the mystery.

"You needn't worry about my hair, mother," he wrote. "I've only lost my right eyebrow through saluting."

"**O**NE whole and one half ticket, please," said the lady passenger.

The conductor stared at the boy sitting by her side.

"You must pay full fare for that lad. He must be over fourteen."

"How can he be fourteen when I have only been married twelve years?" demanded the passenger angrily.

"Madam," replied the conductor icily, "I am here to receive fares, not confessions."

THE all-in wrestler was on his back, groaning and beating the palms of his hands on the canvas. Helpless in the grip of a toe-hold, all he could do was to cry out in pain. This had been going on for at least five minutes.

A sensitive young lady, sitting in a ring-side seat, found herself growing paler and paler as the moans of the unfortunate athlete grew louder and louder. She was really on the verge of collapsing.

The wrestler who held the upper hand and who was inflicting the punishment noticed

the girl's face grow white. Still applying the toe-hold with all his might, he bent towards his victim.

"Stop hollerin' so much, buddy," he cautioned. "There's a dame in front who can't take it!"

THE asylum inmate had his ear to the ground. The attendant found him listening intently at a flower-bed.

"What's up?" he asked. "What are you listening to?"

"Flowers."

"Flowers?"

"Hearing 'em grow."

The attendant stared at him, and then he also knelt and put his ear to the ground and listened. At last he said: "I can't hear a thing."

"I know," said the patient, looking very worried, "and it's been like that all the morning."

"**D**ON'T they teach you to salute in your company?" roared the major to Patrick Malone, who had passed him without raising his hand.

"Yes, sir," replied Pat.

"Then why didn't you salute?"

"Well, sir," Pat replied, "I didn't want to attract more attention than necessary 'cos I ain't supposed to be out without a pass."

THE lecturer in the medical college exhibited a diagram. "Now the subject here limps, because one leg is shorter than the other." He addressed one of the students. "Now, Mr. Jones, what would you do in such a case?"

Mr. Jones picked up the diagram, pondered earnestly for some time, then replied with conviction: "I fancy, sir, that I should limp, too!"

FOR five or six days he had been digging in the garden for an air-raid shelter. What with the rain and the clay he was not in the best of tempers.

Suddenly an old friend looked over the wall and said: "Hullo! Digging for your shelter?"

"No," was the reply. "As a matter of fact, I bought a swing for the kids, and the ropes are too long."

HERR HITLER was inspecting troops before their departure for the front.

"Have you any brothers?" he asked one very tall soldier.

"Yes, seven, my Führer."

"And, of course, they are all fighting for the dear Fatherland," continued Hitler.

"All except one, my Führer."

"And where is he?"

"In the Navy, my Führer."

HE had passed all the tests, and was before the recruiting sergeant, giving particulars.

"Married or single?" he was asked.

"Married."

"Any children?"

"Thirteen."

"Sorry, old man. Too expensive. We could get a couple of generals for that money."

TWO friends were travelling up to business in the same carriage. Suddenly one of them gave a terrific yawn.

"Tired, old chap?" asked his friend. "Were you up late last night? Well, I read somewhere that a scientific chap said that four hours' sleep is enough for any man."

The weary one looked at him and gave another yawn.

"That's nothing new," he grunted. "My baby knew it when he was a month old."



"Aye, it cooms wi' guardin' bridges"



With characteristic verve our designers introduce a new note in this natural summer ermine coat. In selected skins that were bought in the pre-war market and consequently this model is splendid value. **98 Gns.**

Chunky fur jackets are so miraculously becoming and useful that they lead the fashion. This model is in sumptuous dyed fox, in smoke-mist and other fashionable shades. **39 Gns.**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET
LONDON, W.1

Furs that blossom anew . . .

This season we say, "You will thank us later if you buy NOW"—and so you will. Prices are still very favourable but markets are rising and present levels will soon be a dream. Incidentally furs have never been more charming than now and our collection is particularly extensive and interesting.



THE HIGHWAY OF *Fashion*

BY M.E. BROOKE



THERE is a certain affinity between a Rodex coat and a black frock, inasmuch as no wardrobe is complete without them. Notwithstanding the difficulties engendered by the war, Rodex maintain the same quality of materials, tailoring and cut. They are sold practically everywhere; should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to W. O. Peake, 21 Hanover Street, London. The model seen on the left of this page is of Scotch tweed; an important feature is the 1940 version of the dolman sleeve. It is very practical, as it enables the coat to be worn over any dress without injuring it. There are many other models carried out in Gorslan tweed, for which this firm has an enviable reputation

HARMONY in proportions is all important where maternity frocks are concerned, and it is in the expression of this art that Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, excel. The simple dress on the right may be seen in the Hostess and Teagown Department. Certain "devices" are introduced whereby a graceful silhouette may be maintained. Furthermore, there are no complicated fastenings. The fabricating medium is a soft crêpe of a pastel love-in-the-mist shade. The corsage is gauged, finished with touches of piqué, and has long sleeves, while the skirt is pleated and the coat is sleeveless. Then it must be mentioned that the price of the entire ensemble is £5 19s. 6d. There are other maternity frocks from 79s. 6d., particulars of which will be found in the brochure

Pictures by Blake



*Like
walking on
a lawn*

That's how it feels when you're wearing VANI-TRED shoes. Hard pavements seem to 'give' to every step. The secret is in the in-built features, which give you a greater tread area and a restful compensation for high heels. You have never walked in such feather lightness before. They're such dashing shoes too . . . sophisticated styles that make your friends think you've been shopping in Fifth Avenue, New York—and, in a sense you have. They're as exciting as a dress parade.

As moderately priced as 32'9



BRENDA



JILLIAN

5 fittings to each half size

The specialised VANI-TRED Fitting Service is available at high class shoe shops. Upon request we will send you an illustrated brochure and the name of your nearest agent.

VANI-TRED SHOES LTD., 17/18 OLD BOND STREET, W.1



ALL WOMEN may enjoy admiration. Lips that appeal . . . a skin alluring, petal smooth . . . perfect colour blending . . . beauty realistically natural in its appeal. Adelaide Grey's famous Rose Petal Skin Food, cleanses and gives the exquisite smoothness of the dewy English Rose to tired and parched skins . . . 2/9d. . . . Lipsticks in six lovely shades, more indelible—satin smooth with a sparkle and intensity of colour . . . 2/6d. . . . The New Rouge Solide, blends with all skins. In three exquisite shades . . . 2/6d. . . . Cream Rouge, Nature's own colouring, imparting the delicate bloom of youth to the skin . . . 1/9d. . . . Powder in six lovely shades, Black and Gold Box . . . 1/9d. . . . Delightful Cream and Red Box . . . 2/-. . . . Although moderate in price all my preparations are compounded by experts from the rarest and costliest ingredients and are definitely equal to the most expensive . . . further, they are entirely British made and British owned.

At all Stores, Boots and good Chemists.

Adelaide Grey

27 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



HATS are small, daring and trimmed in the most amusing ways; there is never any monotony about them. The trio on this page come from the salons of Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. The one at the top is misted with miniature wings dyed in spring shades, with soft drapery at the back. The affair below is extremely simple. It is of black baku, relieved with white gardenias and a veil. Fruit, flowers and foliage make the wreath of the paper panama model; the colours are in harmony with any outfit

LET not the penetrating rays of spring sunshine find blemishes on the skin. Rather seek the aid of the Cyclax treatments and preparations; the London salons are at 58 South Molton Street. There is an introductory outfit for 12s. 6d., full details of which will be sent on application. Naturally, the skin and cleansing foods must always be used, as well as the special soap. Now a few words must be said about Milk of Roses (4s. 6d.), as it is a liquid powder base which imparts a delicate finish

SPRING fashions have come to Harrods, Knightsbridge; they have chosen the most colourful tweeds that ever came from inspired looms. There are accessories, including hats, gloves, bags, belts and jewellery, all dyed to tone. Illustrated on the right is an ensemble carried out in a new wool material. Scotch-mist blue is the colour of the coat and skirt; an important feature of the latter is the unpressed pleats. The overcoat is a study in blues and grey; a swing back and Raglan sleeves are present

Looking Forward



Pictures by Blake

Gorringes

Trousseaux
Suggestions



N.878. Dainty RAYON SILK PYJAMAS of highest quality, printed in attractive floral design in contrasting shades on grounds of Nil, Pink, Peach or Powder Blue. An exceptional offer at this price.

21/9

N.877. Smart HOUSE COAT of entirely new design, in SHOT RAYON TAFFETA with stripes in contrasting mixed shades, giving striking effect. Predominating ground shades: Green shot Rose, Deep Saxe shot Fuchsia, Powder Blue shot Gold, Fuchsia shot Blue and Rose Shot Gold. One size only, 38 ins. bust fitting. Only limited quantity; please state second choice of colour.

45/9

FREDERICK GORRINGE Ltd., Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W.1
Two minutes from Victoria Station. 'Phone VICTORIA 6666 (24 lines).

We Have Mastered the Art of

Corsetry

The "Classique" Brassière, which is also adapted for evening wear in the "Soirette"—in double crêpe de Chine, light and comfortable in wear **59/6**

(Not illustrated) The "Ideale" brassiere, designed especially with diaphragm control and meets the corset belt

67/6



THE FASHIONABLE SILHOUETTE

This belt is specially designed to give the "nipped-in" waist-line and flat diaphragm; made of triple-thread lastex with floral batiste panels in front and back, it gives adequate control for the fully developed figure **89/6**

Post orders receive every care and attention

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

LANGHAM 4444

(DEBENHAMS LTD.)



Do write for the charming Braemar Spring Booklet (to address below), showing exciting new styles and also the famous classics, and giving an idea of Braemar's lovely colour range.

YOU CAN GET BRAEMAR AT MOST GOOD SHOPS AND STORES

● INNES, HENDERSON & CO. LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND, AND AT AXTELL HOUSE, WARWICK STREET, LONDON, W.1. ALSO MAKERS OF BRAEMAR UNDERWEAR

WEDDINGS and ENGAGEMENTS

Recently Engaged

The engagement is announced between Flying Officer J. H. L. (Toby) Musker, R.A.F.V.R., (late 7th Hussars), elder son of Major Herbert Musker and Mrs. Musker, of Rushford Hall, Norfolk, and Miss Rosemary Julian Maitland Makgill Crichton, younger daughter of the late Major Maitland Makgill Crichton, of Monzie Castle, Perthshire, and Largo House, Fife, and of Mrs. Maitland Makgill Crichton; Squadron Leader Richard Templeton Gething, A.F.C., second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Gething, of Wilmslow, Cheshire, and Miss Mardi Gepp, youngest daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Gepp, of Melbourne, Australia; Surgeon Lieutenant Claude Damarell Coode,



MISS ANNE CROMBIE

Of Goval, Aberdeenshire, who was married recently at St. Macher's Church, Bucksburn, to Captain Gordon Maclean, The Gordon Highlanders. The reception took place after the ceremony at Goval

R.N., elder son of Doctor and Mrs. C. L. Coode, of Carlton House, Stroud, Gloucestershire, and Miss Joan M. Leech, twin daughter of Mr. W. B. Leech and of the late Mrs. Leech, of Green Bank House, Falmouth, Cornwall; Mr. Geoffrey David Anderson, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, youngest son of the Reverend F. I. and Mrs. Anderson, of East Dean, Eastbourne, and Miss Mea Agnes Adams, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Adams, of Anerley; Mr. Ashe Windham, The East Yorkshire Regiment, younger son of the late Major Ashe Windham, J.P., of



SECOND LIEUTENANT AND MRS. R. W. VERNON NEATHERCOAT

Who were married recently at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption. Mrs. Neathercoat was formerly Miss Anne Bodenham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bodenham, of Weybridge. Her husband is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Neathercoat, of Holbrook Park, Horsham



Hay Wrightson

MISS DIANA MARY WROUGHTON ROBINS

Elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Ellis Robins, of June Hill, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, whose engagement is announced to Captain John Offley Crewe-Read, The South Wales Borderers (24th Regiment)

Waghen, East Yorkshire, and Mrs. Windham, and Miss Iris Phipson, younger daughter of Colonel E. S. Phipson, C.I.E., D.S.O., I.M.S., and Mrs. Phipson, of Shillong, Assam, and Camberley, Surrey; Mr. H. Allaire E. Baker, of Kirdford, Sussex, second son of Sir Herbert Baker, K.C.I.E., R.A., and Lady Baker, of Owllets, Cobham, Kent, and Miss Elizabeth S. Tompkins, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newland Tompkins, Pulborough, Sussex; Capt. A. E. Brocklehurst, R.H.A., second son of the late Mr. E. Brocklehurst and Mrs. Brocklehurst, of Budleigh Salterton, and Miss Joan B. Parry-Crooke, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. C. D. Parry-Crooke, C.M.G., and Mrs. Parry-Crooke, of Pakenham. Mr. R. E. de Zoete, Derbyshire Yeomanry (attached 12th Royal Lancers) and Miss Anna P. Gibbs, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Guy Gibbs, of Malmesbury.

The Social Round

(Continued from page 122)

French, looked after her. Mrs. "Dorie" Gulbenkian wore the perfect pale pink feather hat, of which there were several imperfect examples. Our elders included the Jessels, the Donough O'Briens (congratulations to her Egyptian son, Mr. Ades, R.A., on his engagement to Sir Arthur and Lady Worley's younger daughter); Sir George Franckenstein talking to Sir John Latta; Lady Latta; Lord Illingworth; Lady (Hugh) Elles who looks well in uniform but was giving it a rest; and Mr. Christopher Sandeman who was asked to repeat his *bon-mot* about the American attitude during the early days of the war. Smiling diplomatically he refused, but I can tell you his summing up was "Warm hearts and cold feet."

Lady Alexandra Haig, Madame Provotoroff (worrying about her husband on business in Sweden) and Princess Natasha Bagration, who left early to work at the B.B.C., were young women not in uniform. Princess Bagration, who has distinguished looks and an alert mind, is preparing the Serbo-Croat bulletins. She has found time to sit for Captain Serge Rodzianko and to take her kinswoman, the Duchess of Kent, to see his portraits. One of the most interesting working girls in London (she has a job as well as the B.B.C.), Princess Natasha's gay nature is not without its sombre depths. The long illness of her aunt, Princess Andrew of Russia, is a grief to her, and to all the White Russians in that world.

Who's where in London

One answer to this heading is at the Mirabelle at lunch, and, of course, the Ritz. Lord Sefton, recovered again, patronized the former with Mrs. "Foxy" Gwynne. Miss Betty Cobham and Miss Cynthia Elliot were there, and Basil Kennedy (who has evacuated to the country with the "Paddy" Belles) and Gerald Krech were setting out from Curzon Street to lunch with Lady Seafeld. Lady (Victor) Stanley came in to book a table for her Red Cross Commandant daughter, Rosemary. Others were Miss Kay Norton who is still in business—most emphatically—and Mrs. Stratton (Anne Drummond) who remarked that "every one is getting married," which when narrowed down meant two of her cousins—Lady Katherine Howard and Lady Moyra Butler. The latter, who is Lord and Lady Ossory's only daughter, has chosen May Day at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bridegroom is a Greenjacket, Mr. C. R. C. Weld-Forester. It will be a quiet wedding.

Footnote for the Household Brigade

The Guards' Club, which holds its annual general meeting on the twenty-ninth, has informed members that "The committee feel that in view of the difficult conditions produced by the outbreak of war the year's results may be regarded as satisfactory." The membership is 1,120 as compared with 1,103 a year ago, while the membership of the Ladies' Annexe is also up to 808. The deficit has declined to £600 odd, but over £700 has had to be spent on A.R.P. There is now a rush for bedrooms at all the clubs. This will abate substantially when raids begin, but only temporarily, for the limited pleasures of the metropolis exercise as great a fascination as they did upon Dr. Johnson, who propounded many incontrovertible truths as if he had discovered them, but said nothing better suited to our times than Lord Acton's: "Power is always abused, and absolute power is abused absolutely."

THE *Yardley* LIQUEFYING CLEANSING CREAM

How fresh and fair your complexion becomes when thoroughly cleansed from the soiling waste matter embedded in the pores of the skin. The Yardley Cleansing Cream is the most efficient preparation ever devised for this purpose. It liquefies on application and liberates all extraneous matter. Use the Yardley Toning Lotion, after wiping off the Cream, to give tone to the skin and remove the last trace of greasiness.

★ The essentials of the Yardley Way to Beauty are few and simple to use. FOR SKIN CARE: Liquefying Cleansing Cream 3/6. Toning Lotion 3/6. Skin Food 3/6. FOR MAKE-UP: Foundation Cream 3/6. English Complexion Powder 3/6. Lipstick 3/-. Rouge Cream 2/6.

WRITE FOR
The Yardley
Beauty Book
POSTFREE



THE *Yardley*

WAY TO BEAUTY

New War Economy Price: FULL BEAUTY TREATMENT 5/6 AT OUR
BEAUTY TREATMENT SALONS • 33 OLD BOND STREET • W1

Racing Ragout—(Continued from page 126)



AT NEWBURY LAST WEEK

Miss Evelyn Rennie, Brigadier and Mrs. Lumley, the Countess of Essex. A small section of the folk who went to see the Greenham Stakes run, a race that sometimes provides a pointer to the more important events that are to come. The Earl of Essex in happier times is a well-known Master of foxhounds

or it would not attract more than half a dozen entries.

From my early youth I have invariably been told about this period of the season that our three-year-olds are the worst lot ever, and if this was really the case racing has failed in its primary object, which is the betterment of the thoroughbred, and it is high time we shut up shop. Subsequent events, however, have proved that the springtime pessimism was unjustified, and from among the ranks of these much despised classic aspirants have risen one or more who worthily upheld the glories of the past. I only hope that very soon some unknown will arise and smite those whose form we know to the tune of half a dozen lengths, for if ever pessimism over the quality, or lack of it, of the classic colts and fillies appeared justified, that year is 1940. This is written prior to the Column Produce Stakes and Craven Stakes, but the Greenham only proved once again that Tant Mieux is a pound or so in front of Stardust, and that both of them are a long way in front of any of the others with the exception of British Empire. I have the most sincere regard for the consistency, one with another, of Tant Mieux and Stardust, while the former is one of the gamest little colts I've ever seen, I can't get away from the fact that the French-trained Djebel gave him a 10-lb. beating in the Middle Park Stakes last backend, while in the Prix Morny at Deauville just before the outbreak of war I saw the filly Furane defeat Djebel somewhat comfortably. The French handicapper, however, did not take this form literally, as he set Djebel to give Furane 6 lb. in the Free Handicap at Deauville, Djebel was conceding 3 lb. sex allowance. Nevertheless, I think it may be just as well for our fillies that Furane has been scratched from the One Thousand, though she is still in the Oaks. Lighthouse II, now in training with Walter Earl, was placed 5 lb. behind Djebel. Prior to Deauville he had twice defeated Djebel, and he was an even money favourite, being considered by his connexions as the best two-year they had had for many a long day. He failed to get a place however.

My convalescence has been immeasurably brightened by the arrival of the *Bloodstock Breeders' Review* (1939).

Q.G.



MORE NEWBURY PATRONS

Sir Nigel Mordaunt with Miss Veronica Harrison, a daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison. Another of their daughters is the Countess of Lewes who married the Marquess of Abergavenny's son and heir who is in the Household Cavalry

MORE POPULAR THAN EVER



In the Mess, in hotels, restaurants and bars—no less than in the home—the call is for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale.

Brewed from British hops and barley; appetizing, refreshing, stimulating; Whitbread's superb Pale Ale is more popular than ever.

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

BREWED & BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.1

THE GAY WAY TO HEALTH



Mr. & Mrs. OWEN NARES

enjoying a plain Martini Vermouth,
their favourite meal-time drink.

PLAIN MARTINI Vermouth is the ideal drink before or with the meal. This fine rich health-giving wine never leaves an unpleasant after-effect, for it is infused with rare aromatic herbs that tone up the stomach, heart, liver and kidneys. For the sake of your appetite, your digestion, your figure and your general health you should drink *plain Martini* Vermouth.

MARTINI

Vermouth

Product of Martini & Rossi, Torino

★ Refuse Inferior Substitutes—

look for the Martini label

DRY OR SWEET
DRINK IT NEAT



48 PAGES OF
PICTURES
8 PAGES IN
COLOUR



The Gilbert & Sullivan Operas
A PICTORIAL
RECORD OF THE
1939-1940 SEASON

Published by
THE SPHERE

This 48-page Souvenir published by "The SPHERE," is ready now and deals comprehensively with the most popular of the Gilbert & Sullivan Operas. MANY PAGES IN FULL COLOUR SHOWING SCENERY AND COSTUMES WILL BE OF TREMENDOUS VALUE TO THE AMATEUR COMPANY. As only a limited number are printed, you are therefore advised to make your reservations immediately in order to avoid disappointment.

Orders with remittance
should be sent to:
The Publisher, The SPHERE
32, St. Bride St., London,
E.C.4
Price 3/10 per copy. Post Free

Alkit
LTD

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS
London, W.C.2

Telephone:
Temple Bar 1814



TRENCH COATS 75/- & 105/-
AND

SERVICE MACS 50/- & 80/-

Proofing Guaranteed 2 Years

Branches at

17, Union Street,
ALDERSHOT

19, London Road,
CAMBERLEY

117, Sandgate Rd.
FOLKESTONE

Call or Write for
Illustrated Catalogue
ROYAL NAVY · R.N.V.R.
MILITARY · R.A.F.
W.R.N.S · A.T.S. and
W.A.A.F.

War Office Approved Tailors

For rough going



WATER RESISTING
ZUG
UPPER LEATHER

The extreme toughness of Zug Upper Leather makes it supreme for hard wear. The most exacting conditions prove its durability and demonstrate its suppleness. For good style and appearance, for ease and comfort it is unequalled, and being water resisting it defies the worst weather.



AQUATITE for
those who prefer
a smooth grain
shoe of lighter
weight.

Look for the OVAL LABEL

W. & J. MARTIN, Tanners, GLASGOW



SANDY OF PERU

Property of Mrs. Stratton

The writer of Ecclesiastes says, "There is nothing new under the sun." He lived before dog shows; they are new. There seems no record through history of anything of the sort till about seventy years ago. Agricultural shows, dog shows, flower shows, all these pleasant accompaniments of peace are quite recent arrivals. The Arabs seem the only people in previous civilizations who took any care in the breeding of their horses and hounds. In this country and probably others there were local breeds which were highly prized, but anything like shows were impossible, owing to the difficulties of transport. The growth of dog shows in recent years has been extraordinary; in fact, their success was threatening them as there were far too many. They were cutting each other's throats. It looks as if shows must have peace in order to flourish; they cannot thrive in what Professor Toynbee calls "times of trouble," and one wonders what the future holds for them. They have undoubtedly done enormous good in raising the standard of animals and horticulture.

One of the latest additions to the show bench is the Welsh Corgi. He was used in Wales to drive cattle, which he did by snapping at their heels, hence his

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

nickname of "heeler." He first came into notice in 1925, and has since progressed very fast, and is now securely seated in favour. In some cases you can't see why a breed becomes popular, but you can with the Corgi. He is most attractive and unusual in appearance, very intelligent and affectionate and quite hardy. Mrs. Stratton has a small kennel of Corgis and sends a photograph of a puppy which she is keeping for better days. She finds Corgis very popular, but has reduced her kennel right down to six and she is very busy over N.A.R.P.A.C. She is a warden of her district and says people are registering their animals well. She also has a first-aid post in her house, which, as she says, "she sincerely hopes may not be needed."

Every one knows the origin of the name of Dandie, though there were certainly Terriers of his type, long and low, on the Border long before the days of Sir Walter Scott. He is one of the gamest of the Terrier breeds and will face "anything wi a hairy skin on't."



DANDIES

Property of the Bellmead Kennels



SHIH TZU

Property of Mrs. Bruce

All the same, he makes an excellent companion, being very wise and fond of his friends. The Bellmead Kennels have long been famous for their Dandies, and Mrs. Miles sends a delightful photograph of two puppies by the famous Ch. Bellmead Delegate. Though breeding is reduced, there are still a few puppies for sale. The training kennel is also well known; it is in a safe area and pupils get a thorough training in all branches.

Last week I put in a picture of some Shih Tzus, the property of Miss Hutchins; this week I have one of a good stud dog, property of Mrs. Bruce. He is a lovely little dog of true type; the photograph was taken when he was ten months old. He is a dark grey and white, small and compact with a wonderful coat. He has, like all Shih Tzu, a charming disposition. Owing to the war, he has only been shown once, when he was second in a large Variety Class. His sire is one of Lady Brownrigg's famous dogs. Shih Tzus are very popular with their owners, as they are full of character and intelligence and quite hardy, very little trouble to keep, also their little ways are very amusing.

All letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, near Southampton.

Enjoy your Meals

without fear of pain and discomfort afterwards. It is acid that makes you unable to digest your food, and 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets relieve that acidity at once. You can prove this at your next meal. Take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets and you will find that your indigestion has vanished; you can eat what you like without fear. Buy the Tablets now and make your next meal a pleasant one.

Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d and 1/-. Also family sizes 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.



MILK OF MAGNESIA
BRAND
TABLETS
SLIP A 6^d BOX
IN YOUR POCKET OR BAG

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.



EYE BEAUTY

—whether or not the eye is endowed with an overpowering beauty, is firstly determined by the

condition of the surrounding skin. Eyes set in loose, wrinkled skin tell of age, worry, misfortune, or ill-health and destroy the natural expression of even the brightest eyes. Fortunately this imperfection can be successfully, painlessly and permanently corrected in a few visits by the one sure method known to medical science—The Hystogen Method invented and practised by a famous Swiss specialist who has treated over 10,000 men and women in London. Anyone whose skin is becoming loose and wrinkled through prolonged anxiety should at once consult the specialist at the Hystogen Institute, 30 Old Quebec Street, Portman Square, London. Free consultation (by appointment only). Phone: Padd. 5912. If at a distance write for literature.

Bernella
REGD.
FROCKS
of the BETTER kind
J. COWEN & CO., LTD. 1. BERNERS STREET, W.1. (Wholesale Only)

The very latest achievement in Baby Carriages

There is a best in everything—in Baby Carriages it is

OSNATH
THE PRAM WITH THE FLOATING MOTION



Produced by the firm with 66 years of experience, the model illustrated is the very last word in perfection—comfort, beauty, ease and balance! . . . Write for the new art catalogue in colour to Ashton Bros. & Phillips Ltd., 19, Osnath Works, Warrington.

TAKE-TO-PIECES MODEL OF R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

Deck by deck the ship's interior may be examined; correct and to scale. The decks are numbered, and all details can be identified easily by reference to a guide supplied. The model is 12 in. long, price 3/6, postage and packing inland 9d. extra. Elsewhere abroad 2/6 extra.

LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY Ltd.
23 FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4



STATE EXPRESS 555

As smoked by
those who prefer
Quality

Men in the higher ranks of life, in the Services and in private life, prefer really fine cigarettes to a few more of an ordinary brand. They smoke 555's because they have proved for themselves that no finer cigarette is obtainable.

100 State Express 555's may be sent DUTY FREE to H.M. Navy and B.E.F. for 4/-, postage paid.

THE BEST CIGARETTE IN THE WORLD



RIDE AND KEEP FIT

THE BEST WARTIME SERVICE IS TO KEEP IN GOOD HEALTH. RIDING IS THE FINEST EXERCISE FOR FITNESS

ALL RIDING REQUISITES
— good value and low charges

To Measure
Jodhpurs 28' - to 65'
Breeches 25' - to 60'
Jackets 35' - to 84'

Ready to Wear
Jodhpurs 35' - & 45'
Breeches 30' - & 40'
Jackets 30' - 35' - 40' - & 63'
Riding Waterproofs 42' - & 55'

Complete Outfits for Ladies, Gents and Children
Goods sent on approval against suitable references
SEND FOR CATALOGUE To Dept. 30

Bedford Riding Breeches & Co
19 NEW QUEBEC STREET
MARBLE ARCH, LONDON

Two minutes from the Marble Arch

Appreciated for its special dryness + + +

The Original **Heidsieck Dry Monopole**
CHAMPAGNE

1929 and non-vintage

13/6 and 11/6 a bottle

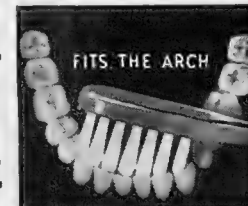
AGENTS: TWISS & BROWNINGS & HALLOWES LTD., 16 WATER LANE, LONDON, E.C.3

'INSURE YOUR TEETH' FOR 4d. A MONTH



Reflection of a man of property, the property being one valuable set of healthy teeth—'4 Tek toothbrushes a year cost me 4/- more than 4 ordinary shilling brushes, i.e., 4d. a month. But that's not a lot to pay to keep these very fine teeth. I couldn't replace them for that!'

1 SHAPE
1 SIZE
1 PRICE



The toothbrush with a **PLAN**

Whereas other toothbrushes baffle you by being made in all sorts of shapes and sizes and at all sorts of prices, the TEK toothbrush is made in one shape, one size, at one price, to do one thing perfectly—to clean your teeth! A dentist designed TEK. Afterwards 92 dentists out of 100 agreed that it was an improvement on other brushes. You can pay less than 2/- for a toothbrush, but don't expect a TEK.

Tek 2/-
SURGICALLY CLEAN IN A SEALED CARTON
MADE IN ENGLAND
THE BEST TEETH POLICY

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON AND JOHNSON (Gr. Britain) Ltd. Slough and Gargrave

THE ACADEMY PICTURE OF THE YEAR WHY WAR? By CHARLES SPENCELAYH



WHY WAR?

In response to many requests this appealing picture, which was reproduced in "The Tatler," has now been published in separate form.

Specially printed copies in full colour on art paper (size of picture 13½ x 10½ in.). Price 1/6 (post free), or mounted on plate-sunk mounts ready for framing 3/6 each.

Order with remittance should be sent to:

THE PUBLISHER, 32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY IS NO LONGER MATTER OF AGE....



REJUVENATES THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

• Write at once for free wonderfully illustrated W-5 book if you have not seen it yet.

Gelty Distributing Co.
156, Oxford Street, London, W.1
W-5 obtainable from all high-class Chemists and Stores or direct from Distributors
Elton Ltd.

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning

THE TATLER

when replying to their announcements

Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 132)



TIMOTHY BUZZARD DOESN'T CARE!

"Well done daddy and the *Gurkha*!" says he. A part of the welcome home ceremony to Commander Buzzard who never struck his flag and kept his ship's guns firing till the ocean engulfed her. The picture was taken at Sir Farquhar and Lady Buzzard's house, Munstead Grange, Godalming

see of them on the stage and the flickers. This worthy practitioner put forward the cogent argument that it would be just as fair to place all shopkeepers under a like contribution just because one of them had been caught out making burglary the hobby of his leisure moments. The dramatists are very greatly to blame for the general public's misconception of the branch of an honourable profession, for what do we find? Is not the stage solicitor far too often presented to us either as: (a) a crafty, stealthy thug or dacoit, or (b) a blithering idiot round whom the stupidest crook that ever was foaled is able to make rings. This is a great injustice, for there is another kind—the lawyer who is a pillar of rectitude, a perfectly respectable person, who plays golf, contract (even if indifferently), and who may even be a cracking good man in a point-to-point or in the wake of hounds. But the dramatists never give him a look in, and it is all hideously unfair. There are sheep in every walk of life whose fleeces are not as white as snow—but why keep picking on solicitors? Curates, retired generals and grass widows, especially the Indian kind, also get it in the neck with an equal measure of injustice. Curates are invariably presented to us on the stage as anthropoid apes; Generals as bellowing, blaspheming and intemperate persons, and Indian widows (grass and otherwise) as either ladies who are suspected of having done in their husband with some narcotic poison, or

who may be contemplating evasion of the divorce court by that speedier means. Why was that silly riddle "How to catch hay fever?" "By kissing a grass widow!" invented?

* * *

Reverting to the poor solicitor, with what gusto some people tell the story about the man who had not paid his tailor's bill since he left Eton, and who at long last was asked by the tailor's legal representatives to refer them to *his* solicitor in order that they might effect service of process. The reply is alleged to have been: "Kind gentlemen, in reply to your delightful letter, I should be only too pleased to do as you ask, only unfortunately at the moment my solicitor is doing time. When he comes out in 1946 I will at once hand him your little note. If you want to get on to him at once, his present address is No. 909090 The Scrubs." If we are going

COMMANDER AND MRS. ANTHONY BUZZARD
AND THEIR SONS

The commander of H.M.S. *Gurkha*, a grand name for a fighting ship, got a great reception when he came back after his magnificent fight with Hun planes. He had to be dragged from his sinking ship. The elder son's name is also Anthony

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS

Readers are free to post THE TATLER to any country other than the following, to which only the publisher or newsgagent with a permit may post: Italy, Ruthenia, Holland (Netherlands), Belgium, Luxemburg, Denmark, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Japan, China, Norway, San Marino, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Spain, Bulgaria, Thailand (Siam), Vatican City, Rumania, Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Monaco, Liechtenstein, Andorra, or any dependencies thereof.

The publisher or your newsgagent will be willing to post any copies for our readers, and supply list of special rates for the Forces.



Truman Howell

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA

Mr. Gerard Leigh Clay giving his son Jeremy his first fly-casting lesson on the Brockhampton stretch of the Wye. Mr. Gerard Clay, Lord of the Manor of Brockhampton, is a well-known Gloucestershire and Herefordshire cricketer and equally well known point-to-pointing

to have anything in the way of a Protective Contribution Scheme why not make it cut both ways and rope in the client? Many solicitors are quite as much in need of protection from villainous clients as clients are in need of that same from solicitors.

THE FIRST LORD'S DAUGHTER
WINS AT SCAMPERDALE SHOW

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill's youngest daughter, Mary, won on Patsy in the under-eighteen class at Sam March's Scamperdale Show (Juvenile Day). Mary Churchill used to own Patsy but the pony was sold to Mrs. A. L. Thompson

COLOURED LEATHER TRIMS
THESE SUÈDE-CALF SHOES



Sports shoe in reversed suède-calf, threaded with leather in contrasting colour. The crepe sole has cork inset which makes the shoe light and cool. In brown/beige, maroon/navy or navy/maroon. **45/-**



(Left) Walking shoe in very good quality suède, piped at welt in contrasting leather which also lines and trims the turned down tongue. Medium square heel. In nigger/beige or navy/royal. **55/-**

TAILORED SHOE IN
SUPPLE SEALSKIN

A very new shoe in feather-weight sealskin, extremely soft and flexible yet hard wearing. In wine, blue or black. **35/-**

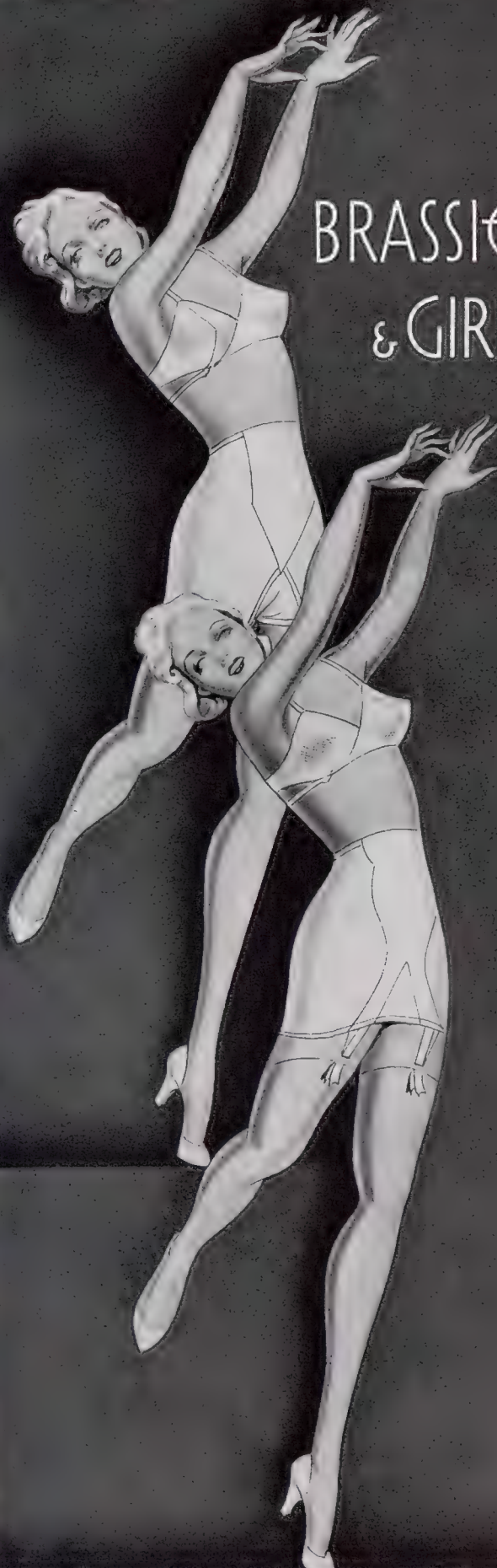


Lillywhites LTD

PICCADILLY CIRCUS and KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Write for our Spring Catalogue of Clothes and Shoes

BRASSIÈRES
& GIRDLES



KESTOS REGD

KESTOS LTD., MADDOX HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W. 1.

TWO NEW

SPRING FURS

FROM

vickery's

SPRING COLLECTION



Beautifully Marked Ocelot—from Vickery's Spring Collection. Light, practical coat that looks grand with town or country clothes. Full length 39 gns. Three-quarter Ocelot coats, 39 gns. Finger tip coats in Ocelot Cat 23 gns. Full length 35 gns.



White Dyed Blue Fox—one of Vickery's new boleros in superb skins, 35 gns. Silver Fox 25 gns. Natural Blue Fox 35 gns.

Now is the time to invest in furs! Prices may not be so low for a long time.

vickery

Percy Vickery Ltd., 245 Regent Street,
London, W.1

Precautionary Measure...

Take the simplest and most constant outdoor precaution with you:

THE BURBERRY

the weatherproof that turns as easily as a weathervane to meet the climate. In wind or calm, storm or sunshine, comfort is equable, security dependable.

The latest Burberry models are made in a variety of styles, and colours to tone or contrast with all dress fabrics.

WARNING:—Proceedings will be taken against offenders using the word "Burberry" wrongfully.

Patterns and prices on request:
Please mark enquiries D.7

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1



ASK YOUR CHEMIST
FOR FREE BOOKLET



"HYGIENE FOR WOMEN"

BY NURSE DREW

RENDELLS

PRODUCTS

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

If you wish, write to NURSE DREW, VICTORIA HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1.

PERMANENT FACE REJUVENATION BY THE

hammer

LOOK YOUNGER

TREATMENT
makes the face look
10 to 20 years younger.



Take care — that the FACE which looks out from your mirror in the morning is a pleasant FACE — you may not see it again all day —
BUT OTHERS WILL!

**FACIAL CONTOUR LIFTED AND RESTORED
—WRINKLES, LINES, DOUBLE CHIN, etc.,
PERMANENTLY REMEDIED**

THIS IS GUARANTEED

Doctors will personally recommend.

Personal Consultation Free. Hours 10.30—6.30.

MADAME MANNERS, Ltd., 43, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

Fees from 5 guineas.

Phone: Regent 2683

WAR-TIME FINGER-TIPS

BY PEGGY SAGE



'Long WEAR — that is the important thing about your nail polish in war-time', says Peggy Sage. And that is why thousands of busy women are using Peggy Sage's polishes — simply because they wear like diamonds, chip, peel and flake-proof for days. Every Peggy Sage polish is composed of two fine films, closely welded together. One grips and nourishes the nail fibres, and enables the visible film of gleaming lustre to remain flawless for longer than you'd ever dreamed a polish could.

Peggy Sage has pale and colourless polishes for service wear; a range of lovely, creamy pastels for war-work — and glowing, mischievous, dramatic colours for 'off-duty' hours. See the new colours in Peggy Sage's Stop Press. You can buy Peggy Sage polishes, lotions and her other world-famous manicure preparations at all high-class toilet counters.

FINGER-TIP STOP PRESS

Peggy Sage's latest colours
(for off-duty hours) are:

SARI • FEZ • MANTILLA

Peggy Sage

Finger-tip and Toe-tip Specialist

SALONS:

LONDON: 130 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

(at corner of Grosvenor Street)

TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 0396

PARIS: 7 PLACE VENDOME

NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57th STREET

*Création Française
coupe
Anglaise*



A distinctive dress, beautifully tailored in uncrushable linen. It has a slightly flared skirt and four pockets, and can be obtained in all sizes in a large range of colours **5½ Gns.**

See our spring collection, it's a revelation of practical elegance.

THE WHITE HOUSE

51 New Bond Street,
W.1

MAYfair 5473

From The New

*Millinery
Salon*



Petersham Cap with Tucked Bows. In White, Coral, Grey, Light Blue, Navy and Black. Sizes 6½, 7.

Smart Straw, with satin bow at back. Brown, Navy and Black. Size 6½.

Both are priced at **42/-**

**Dickins
& Jones**

REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Bag Week

NOW PROCEEDING



1. Fashion decrees a bright coloured handbag to tone with your ensemble. This Pochette is in good quality suede attractively stitched, fitted mirror, purse and full length pocket in shades of Air Force Blue, Oasis Blue, Wineless, Maroon, Bordeaux, Manchu Brown, Fuchsia, Dahlia, Black or Navy. Size 10x7 ins. **Special price 10/9**

2. Morocco Peggy Bag, strong nickel frame, inner divided purse, lined half chammois. Black, Brown, Bottle, Navy. **Special price 12/9**

3. In finest quality Calf, this Pochette is of outstanding value, fitted purse, mirror and extra pocket and lined art silk faille. Black, Brown, Navy. **Special price 21/9**

Walpoles
EXQUISITE LINENS EXCLUSIVE CLOTHES

BOND STREET
corner of OXFORD STREET

*Uniform by
Garrould*

In times like the present, good quality materials will prove a real economy, and we intend as long as possible to maintain the values for which we are renowned. Write for beautifully illustrated catalogue—sent post free.



Mildred. Semi-fitting style, opens down front of bodice, finished with box pleat. Two pleats back and front of skirt, stitched down opening at bottom. Made in the following materials in a good range of colours.

Mercerised Poplin.	Wm's 21/- O.S. 23/6
Super Marocain.	Wm's 29/11 O.S. 34/6
Pure Wool Afgalaine.	Wm's 32/11 O.S. 36/11
Botany Wool Matalaine.	Wm's 32/6 O.S. 36/11

Apron 731. Made in a good wearing check design, British Organdie, trimmed with a plain tucked hem, extra long ties. Also Beige. **2/9½**

Cap 435. To match apron **1/6½**
Set 190. For V-neck **1/11½**

E. & R. GARROULD LTD., 150-162 EDGWARE RD., LONDON, W.2



Dresses left and right, F108 and F112, fine wool cut with shirt-like precision, particularly good in grey, also in green, yellow, pink and peacock. In the middle, F120, washable material in multi-coloured stripes.

DRESSED BY



Ask for them at your favourite shop. Recognise the same unerring rightness of style, the same superb tailoring, and remember, though costs are mounting, Nicoll prices remain, as ever, proportionately low. "Nicoll Clothes" are made in 10 scientifically graded sizes, the smallest ones being a speciality at our Regent Street shop.

WEST END AGENTS FOR 'LITTLE WOMAN' STYLES

Nicolls of Regent St.

Trade enquiries to—

'Nicoll Clothes'

41-45 Warwick Street, W.1

Telephone: Regent 4291

H. J. Nicoll & Co. Ltd., 120 Regent Street, W.1

ENGLISH HOTELS

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

still offers spring visitors all the amenities and comforts that have made the hotel famous.

The ballroom and adjacent toilets have been made gas and splinter proof.

In the long sun lounge close to the sea you may enjoy the maximum of spring sunshine.

Special quotations for long term residents.

Telephone: HASTINGS 869

CARLTON HOTEL

Right on sea-front. Full South. Five-star A.A. Private suites if desired. Hot or cold sea-water baths. Tel.: 6560. Garage 60 cars.

BOURNEMOUTH

TORBAY HOTEL TORQUAY

Tel.: 2218 Telegrams: Torbay, Torquay

100 bedrooms

WRITE FOR TARIFF T

CONTINENTAL HOTEL

FRANCE

Cap. Ferrat.—Gd. Hotel.—Between Nice and Beaulieu. Reopening. Full south. Quiet and peaceful. Beautiful park overlooking sea.



By appointment
to the late
King George V

'EN-TOUT-CAS'

The



By appointment to
H.M. the King of
Sweden

**LARGEST CONTRACTORS in GREAT BRITAIN for
HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS
RECREATION GROUNDS, ETC.**

are now engaged in the

MAKING OF LANDING GROUNDS, HANGARS and AERODROME BUILDINGS,
LAND CLEARANCE, DRAINAGE, CULTIVATION, CAMOUFLAGE WORK, Etc., also
SPORTS GROUNDS FOR H.M. FORCES, MINERS AND MUNITION WORKERS.

WE HAVE EXPERT FOREMEN and MATERIAL still available for Hard Tennis Courts, Sports Grounds, etc., and our Advisory Department can help you on all Turf and Fertilizer problems. *Please send your enquiries to:—*

THE EN-TOUT-CAS CO. LTD., SYSTON, LEICESTER

WE WILL SEND

THE TATLER

TO MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL NAVY SERVING
AFLOAT, AND H.M. FORCES IN FRANCE, at
REDUCED RATES

6 Months 19/6 (Post Free) 3 Months 10/-

ORDER FORM

To The Publisher,
THE TATLER,
32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Please enter a subscription to THE TATLER for the following, in accordance with your special offer to members of The Royal Navy serving afloat, and H.M. Forces in France, for
☐ 6 months ☐ 3 months.

NAME
ADDRESS
MY NAME
MY ADDRESS



SOUND SECURITY

More important than ever to-day is the significance of the name 'Player' to cigarette smokers. It is a guarantee that quality and purity remain unchanged.

Obtainable
in Cartons
of 10 or 20
Plain or
Cork Tips

Player's Please

PLAYER'S TOBACCOS AND CIGARETTES AT DUTY FREE PRICES FOR MEMBERS OF THE B.E.F. ASK YOUR TOBACCONIST FOR DETAILS



There's not enough petrol to get to the links;
So we take to two wheels and we bicycle there;
Young Charles who served us with drinks has joined up,
And the Steward is tearing what's left of his hair.

The Colonel advances his views on the war
And thinks a defensive campaign is all wrong;
He proves with an ashtray, his matches and pipe
That we all may be stymied before very long.



The Pro's now a Warden, and proudly explains
How to quell an incendiary bomb should one land.
We ask somewhat bitterly if he's aware
That meanwhile the bunkers could do with some sand.

There's one caddie left and he's turned eighty-three,
A willing old rascal but no use at all,
He can't see a florin held up to his face,
So he certainly can't see the flight of a ball.



Well, grouching won't get us the figures, and so
We'll cheerfully try to diminish our score.
Thank goodness they haven't yet rationed the thrill
Of putting a 3 down when bogey is 4.

And thank goodness, too, there are ample supplies
Of the one thing that tigers and rabbits both bless.
Our drive is pin high? Well, what else d'you expect
When the ball's Supercharged, a North British S S?



The "NORTH BRITISH" GOLF BALL is made in Edinburgh by THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD.